The Bloody Reign of Sid Wallace

TRUE WEST

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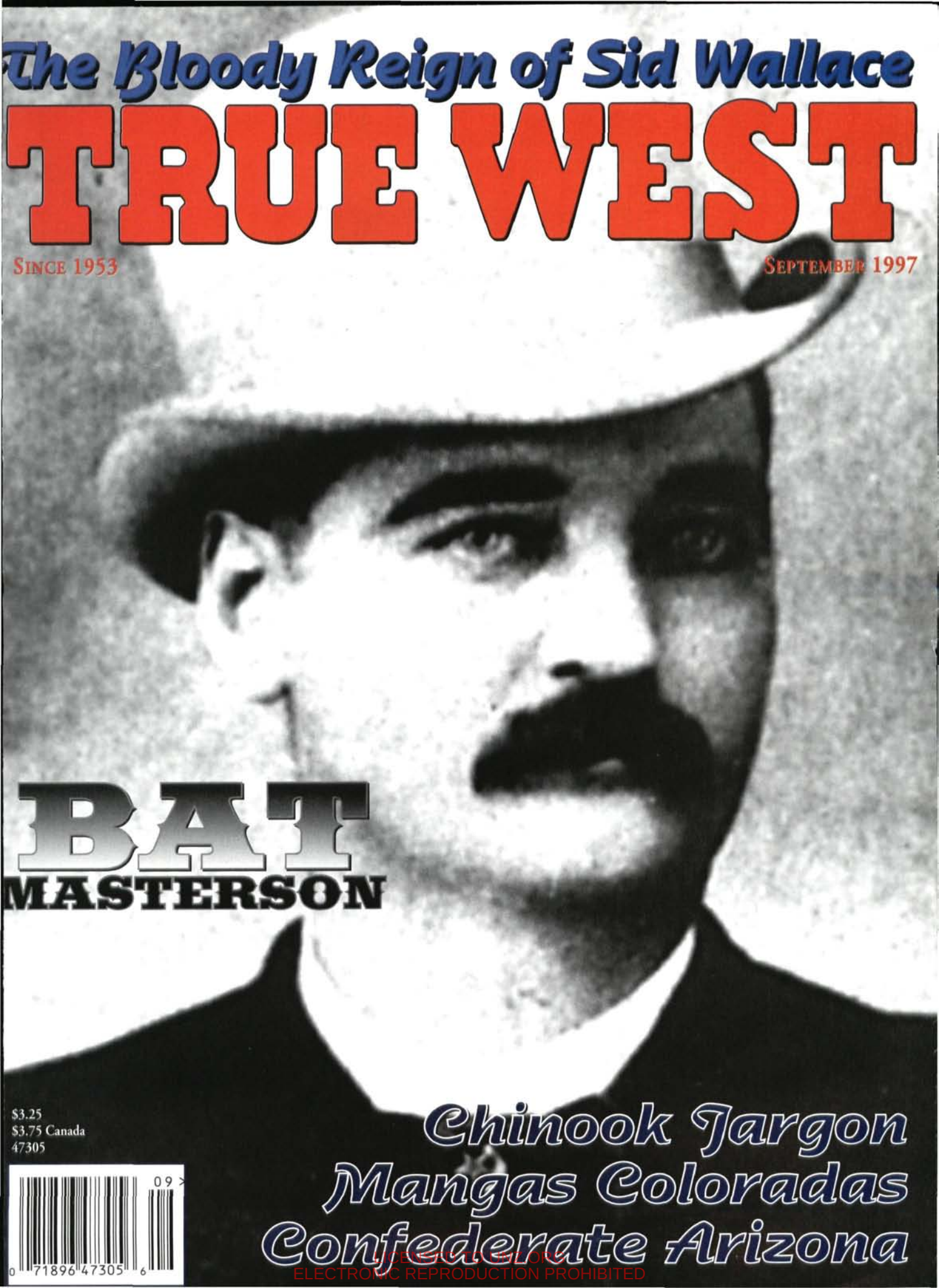
SEPTEMBER 1997



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SAM DREBEN: "The Fighting Jew"

By Art Leibson

According to Damon Runyon, "Sam Dreben was the bravest, the gentlest, the courtliest man I ever knew. But beneath the velvet of his demeanor was the iron of a warrior soul. They called him 'The Fighting Jew.'" Nevertheless, no more unlikely hero ever arrived on the American scene. Short, speaking in a guttural voice, he landed in New York at age eighteen broke and looking for a military career. As a stopgap he took a job in an uncle's Philadelphia tailor shop. Within a few weeks he enlisted in the army and was shipped to the Philippines where the U.S. was fighting off an insurrection in the wake of the Spanish-American War. In the Philippine campaign Sam embarked on a military career that included three hitches in the Army, one of which included a tour of duty in China during the Boxer Rebellion. It was in the Philippines, however, that he drew the attention of a man who was to become a good personal friend and admirer, Captain John J. (Black Jack) Pershing.

During one of his enlistments, Sam became a machine gunner, a profession he practiced in a number of Latin American revolutions. As a member of Pancho Villa's celebrated Golden Guards, he was pointed out by Villa as the only American he trusted. But Dreben was also a chief scout for Pershing when he led an expedition into Mexico to capture or kill Villa after the bandido raided Columbus, New Mexico. In all Sam fought under ten different flags.

In El Paso, Texas, Sam made and lost a fortune in mining stocks before joining a local outfit at America's entrance into World War I. Dreben's valorous service in Europe won the Distinguished Service Cross, the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire. Returning to the United States, Dreben found his family and business badly disrupted but that didn't stop him from seeking high adventure across the Rio Grande in Juarez. Emerging from that conflict slightly infirm, he moved to California. There, while being treated by a physician, Sam received a wrong injection and his wildly challenging life of adventure ended at age forty-six.

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DR. GOODFELLOW: Physician to the Gunfighters, Scholar, and Bon Vivant

By Don Chaput

George Goodfellow was a medical professional, not only at home in the primitive operating facilities of Tombstone and Bisbee, but also in lecture halls and prestigious hospitals of San Francisco and Los Angeles. His medical daring-do and accomplishments led to appointments, such as the first Arizona Territorial Health and Quarantine Officer, chief surgeon to the Southern Pacific Railroad, and during the Spanish-American War, in Cuba, he was personal physician to General William Shafter.

For those familiar with Goodfellow's name, "surgeon to the gunfighters" is probably the phrase that first comes to mind. This he was, par excellence, for he performed surgery on dozens of gunshot victims, results of saloon brawls, mining claim affrays, or quarrels between dueling cowboys and townsfolk in Bisbee, Tucson, and Tombstone. He operated successfully on U.S. Deputy Marshal Virgil Earp, but could only watch as Morgan Earp died of gunshot wounds on a Tombstone billiard hall floor.

Goodfellow was always in the middle of action. When a literary society was formed in Tombstone, he was one of the founders. When new mining or ranching properties were being developed, Goodfellow was on hand as a participant or as a surgeon. He was familiar with every gambling hall in Tombstone and Tucson, and not as an onlooker. George drank, gambled, had affairs, and was occasionally involved in fist fights — once in a stabbing.

Although Goodfellow died a relatively young man, he packed into half a century the accomplishments of a half dozen individuals. He had a varied career, and apparently enjoyed life to the fullest.

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THE DEVIL HAS FORECLOSED: The Private Journal of George Whitwell Parsons, Volume II The Concluding Arizona Years, 1882-1887

Feb. 1997 publication

Transcribed, edited, annotated, and indexed by Lynn R. Bailey

By 1883 the chronicler of Tombstone's turbulent years, George Whitwell Parsons, was no longer a tenderfoot. He was a knowledgeable mining man, savvy to the rigors and dangers of frontier living. His transition from San Francisco banker to diehard frontiersman is evident in his journals from 1883 until he left Arizona early in 1887. Here, for the first time in published form, is presented Parsons' struggles in Sonora, first trying to establish a quartz mill, then eking out an existence managing a company store in Nacosari, and finally plunging into gold mining in the nearby mountains which bankrupted him and forced his return to Tombstone.

Like Parsons, Tombstone was about to undergo adverse times, and fortunately George was there to record events. A rapid succession of calamities brought economic chaos to the town: mines were flooded, a bank collapsed, newly-installed pumping equipment failed, miners struck, and the price of silver fell forcing a shutdown of mining. If that was not enough, burning of the Grand Central hoist brought Tombstone to its knees. As George observed, it looked like the Devil had foreclosed.

There is more in this journal than just Tombstone's tribulations. Parsons gives his personal views upon Apache raiding, the merits of George Crook versus Nelson Miles. He was on hand to witness the introduction of heliograph to military operations and watched as members of Geronimo's band straggled toward Fort Bowie. His account of events along the Sonoran border, ranching activities in the Sulphur Spring Valley, and mining at Arivaca are incomparable. If you have Parsons' earlier journal you'll want this volume. This book is designed as a companion volume to *A Tenderfoot In Tombstone*, 6 x 9-inch format, 275 pages, printed endsheets and dust jacket in color. Augmenting the text are two interviews of George Parsons relative to events transpiring in the journal. As this edition is limited to 750 copies we suggest you reserve your's now. **Price: $36.95**

BOSQUE REDONDO: The Navajo Internment at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, 1863-68

March 1997 publication

By Lynn R. Bailey

The scorched earth policy of General James H. Carleton and Kit Carson destroyed Navajo subsistence, broke up family units, and brought quick results. Within months more than 8,000 Indians had surrendered to be carted and marched to Fort Sumner upon the Pecos River in east-central New Mexico. There, upon a forty mile square reserve known as Bosque Redondo, tribesmen lived for nearly five years. From 1863 until 1868 they obeyed military dictates as Carleton attempted to alter social structure and train tribesmen to live and interact like Pueblo peoples. However, this pastoral people, who had lived for generations in family groups, possessed no patterns for communal living on the scale envisioned by the military. The result was that regimentation created social stress that manifested itself in numerous ways, ranging from physical conflict among tribesmen, abandonment of the reservation by some Indians, and escapism through the practice of witchcraft. Adding to the pain of social upheaval and isolation, the Navajos suffered disease and starvation, as well as from raids by Plains Indians. In the end, the entire experiment collasped and the Navajos pleaded to be returned to their homeland.

From voluminous records of the U.S. Army and the Office of Indian Affairs, Mr. Bailey has drawn the documentation to detail a fascinating period of Navajo history. He does not stop there; reasons for the success of the Carleton-Carson campaign are presented, the several routes of the so-called Long Walk are traced, and social upheaval at Bosque Redondo is explored in light of current knowledge, as is army and civilian ineptitude, and the struggle between military leaders and Office of Indian Affairs officials for control of Indian policy. This attractive hard cover book is produced in 5½ x 8½-inch format, contains 275 pages, 20 photos, maps and diagrams, notes, bibliography, and index. Dust jacket in color. Edition limited to 1,000 copies. **Price: $26.95**

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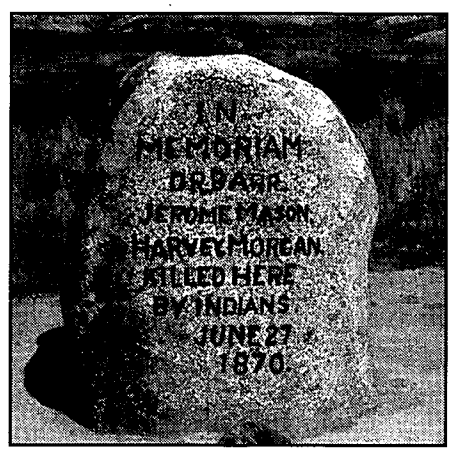

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William Barclay Masterson
"Bat"

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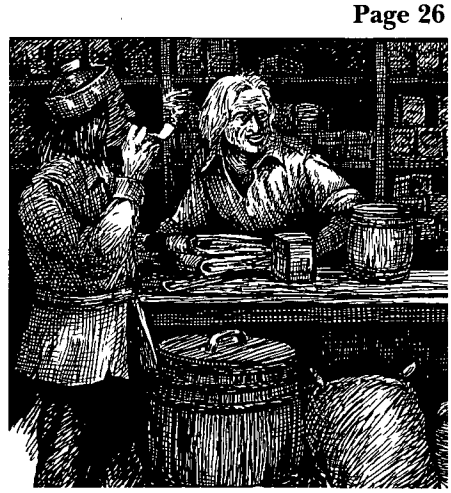

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

This issue has got me grinnin' like a possum at a chicken fried steak. The reasons are many and varied, and since I have to fill this space one way or another, I figure I'll share 'em with ya.

First off, this issue brings to an end a very hectic time for us here at Western. We usually have a month to produce each issue, but with the production of *Old West* every three months, we are forced to put together the August and September issues of *True West*, and the Fall issue of *Old West*, in a span of six weeks. At roughly two weeks per issue, start to finish, it takes an equal amount of strong coffee and blaring bluegrass to get us through. We are often here when most sane folks have gone home to be with their kin. So, you can imagine how nice it will be to get back to the gigantic stack of mail piling on my desk, and a few spare weeks to finish the next issue.

The second reason I'm excited about this issue is simple. It contains what is probably one of my favorite articles to date. I was catching up on some reading awhile back, when I came across the name of Sydney Wallace. I reached for our Index and was shocked to find that we had never published the events of Sid's life. I immediately called Glenn Shirley and asked if he had heard of this Wallace kid. Of course he had.

Glenn has the habit of collecting information on a western character and then filing it away until he feels like turning that particular pile of court documents, newspaper clippings, and dusty photos into a story. He had a file on Sid, he said, but just hadn't gotten around to doing anything with it. Sure enough, a few days after our phone conversation, Glenn came swaggering through our door and handed me a folder containing the story of Sid Wallace. Sid's tale rang a familiar chord, the premise has been used in countless movies and novels. When you read the story, if you haven't already, you'll see what I mean.

I think what makes this story my favorite to date is the simplicity of the tale. Many of the historical figures we cover were fueled by complex notions and situations. Pat Garrett, Clay Allison, and the Earps were pulled this way and that by political ropes; The James boys, Butch Cassidy, and Black Bart were reaching for easy money while at the same time thumbing their noses at a changing society; and some, like John Wesley Hardin and John Larn, simply had a bloodlust. But Sid Wallace stands apart from these folks.

Sid Wallace was wronged at an early age and devoted his life to nothing more than vengeance. Plain and simple. Of course, his actions spun wildly out of control as they often do, but political posturing or financial gain were far from his mind.

At the other end of the spectrum, Robert K. DeArment has contributed to this issue the story of Bat Masterson. Bat was one who was always reaching for the brass ring, a tough goal on the frontier, any way you cut it. Bat managed to keep his head through most of his adventures and is remembered as one of the true gentlemen to emerge from the dusty trails and smokey saloons of the West. While equally as tough (one could even argue that he was tougher), as his contemporaries, Bat lived long enough to tell his own story.

For a man who faced down overwhelming odds at Adobe Walls, rode alongside Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday, and matched wits with Soapy Smith and Judge Roy Bean, it seems somewhat funny that Bat died sitting at his typewriter trying to finish an editorial of sorts. I think I know how he felt.

Marcus Huff

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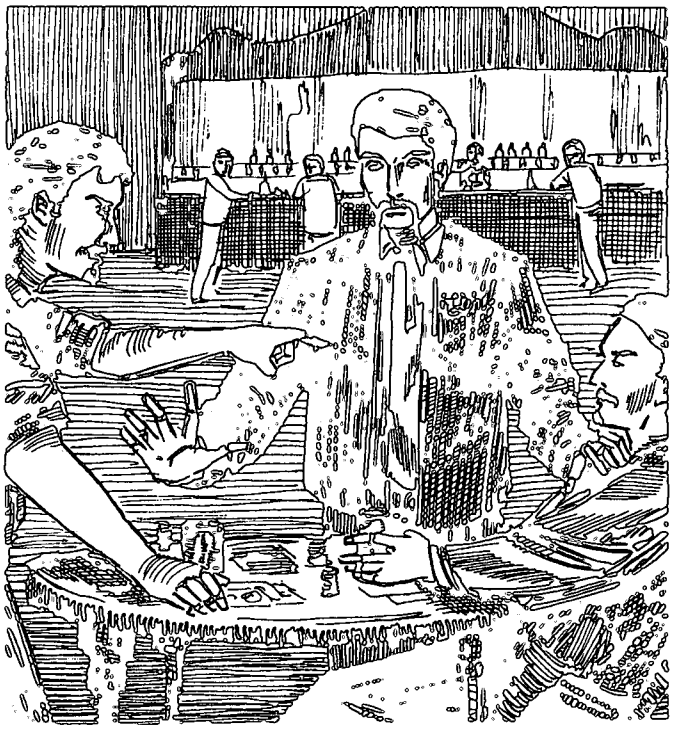
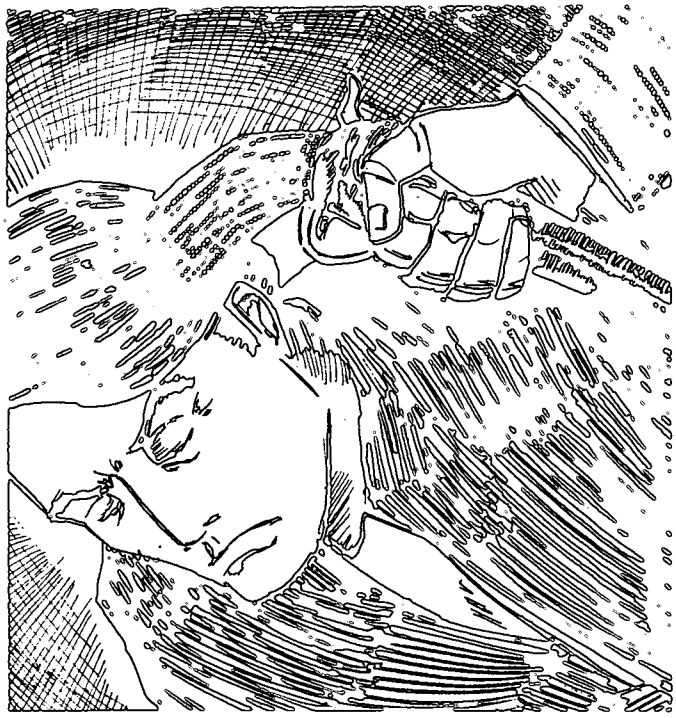
WEST SKETCH

BY ADAM WALLENTA

THE TOMBSTONE SAGA: PART IV.

OCTOBER 25-26, 1881, TOMBSTONE, COCHISE COUNTY, TERRITORY OF ARIZONA—After several confrontations between the Earps, Doc Holliday, and local cowboys, a fight is ready to erupt. After a long night of drinking and gambling with Virgil Earp, Ike Clanton argues with Holliday in a Tombstone restaurant. Virgil Earp takes Clanton to jail, where he is kept until morning. Ike leaves the jail and meets his brother Billy, and Tom and Frank McLaury, in the street. After an exchange of threats, Wyatt Earp thumps Tom McLaury over the head with his own pistol. The cowboys eventually go in search of more weapons and arrive at a lot behind the OK Corral to talk over their plans for the Earps.





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THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF CATHERINE ANTRIM

Howdy, Ya'll. I just purchased a July 1997 issue of *True West*, a beautiful magazine.

I'm writing to bring to your attention a discrepency in your story, "Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett."

On the opening page, Mr. Metz writes that Billy's mother Catherine married William Antrim March 1, 1873. Further down he mentions thats she died in Silver City, New Mexico, September 16, 1872. So she died before she got married. That is some trick.

I know that is just a petty mistake and I don't mean to bring your magazine down. I'm seventy-two-years old and have been reading *True West* since the 1950s. Keep up the good work.—*Ray Hakala, Carlton, Minnesota.*

I enjoy reading new facts about Billy the Kid and other outlaws, and I think the new photo of Billy in your May 1997 issue is probably him.

In Leon Metz's article, "Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett" in the July issue, it says that Catherine Antrim died in 1872 and got married in 1873. How could she?

In that same article Mr. Metz says that Garrett shot and killed the Kid around midnight July 13, 1881. Then in the "Legends" article, Metz writes that the Kid was killed June 13. I always heard it was July 15, 1881. Facts are more interesting than fiction!—*Linda Keleman, Dittmer, Missouri.*

Editor's Note: Catherine Antrim died September 16, 1874, and her darling son Billy died July 13, 1881, around midnight.

Billy himself used to say that "there's many a slip b'twixt the cup and the lip," and I'm afraid my finger slipped when I typeset those stories. I have so many dates to keep track of around here that sometimes I feel like Rudolph Valentino. Once in awhile one will get away from me, and for that I apologize.

As for the date of Billy's death, I think that after spending over thirty years on the trail of Pat Garrett, Mr. Metz is pretty doggone sure Billy went to carve his last beefsteak on the evening of July 13, 1881.

Taxidermist Tales

I have enjoyed reading *True West* for many years and especially lately. It seems it has new life, and many real good stories.

I took *Frontier Times* by J. Marvin Hunter years ago. In fact, I mounted a Golden Eagle for him when he owned a newspaper in old Fort Davis, Texas. Sincerely—*Burch Carson Jr., Huntsville, Arkansas.*

Editor's Note: Thank you for the letter, Mr. Carson. We sure could use one of those stuffed varmits around here. The only thing we have hanging on the wall at the moment is a feller that forgot to renew his subscription, and he's not so purty to look at.

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. E-mail us at, Western@cowboy.net. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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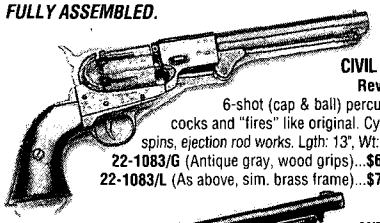

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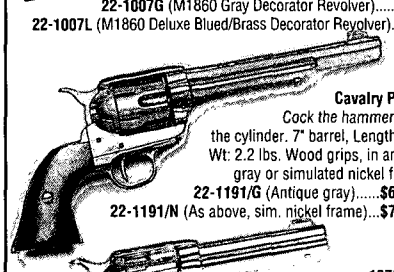

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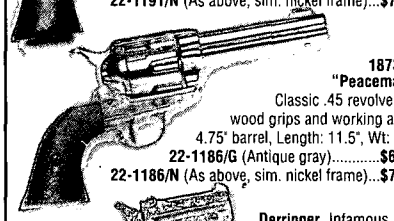

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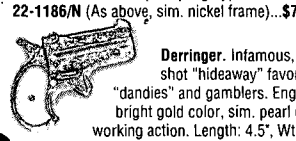

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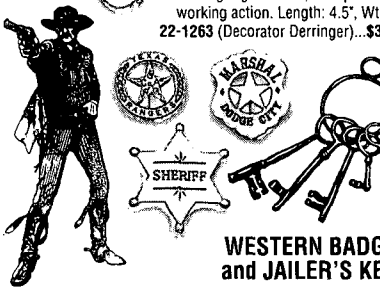

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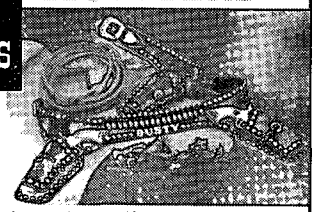

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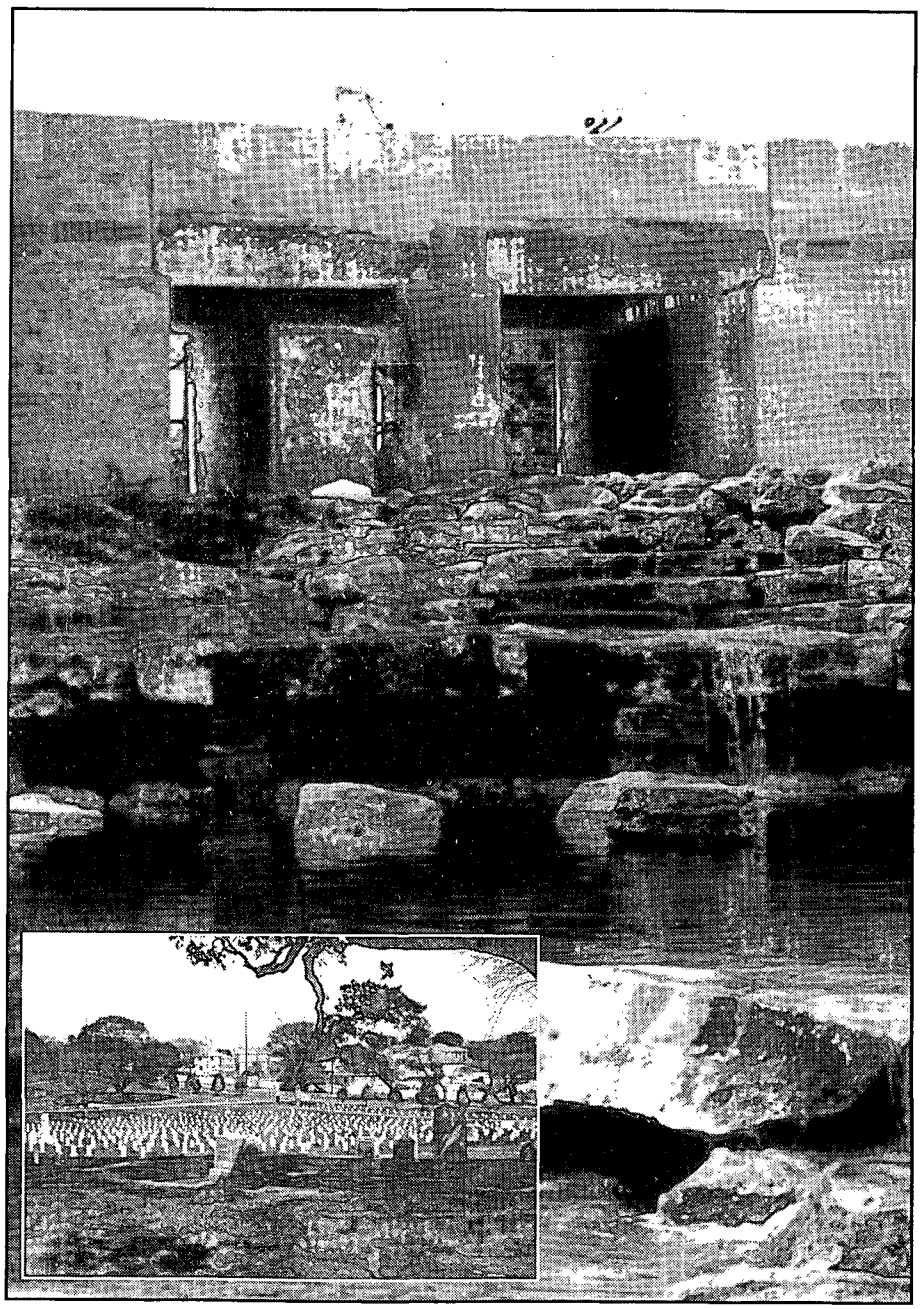
By David. F. Crosby



Author's Photos

(Above) A small creek runs through the Texas State Cemetery to the serenity of the Crescent pool.
(Inset) A view of Confederate Field.

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New additions include a visitor's center modeled after the Alamo's Long Barracks. Historic photographs line the limestone structure. The visitor's center now serves as the public entrance to the cemetery. The four million dollar renovation also created the Crescent Pond, which feeds a small creek that winds through the cemetery playing nature's classic music, water on rock.

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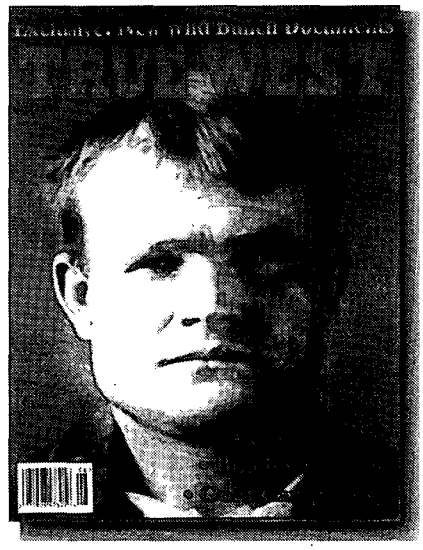

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SLAUGHTER

I'm seeking any information on Isaac Slaughter, who died January 11, 1860, in Adair County, Missouri. Was he realted to "Texas" John Slaughter, and if so, how?—**Jim Winfree, HC84 Box 24, Vdall, Missouri 65766.**

Stockton

I appreciate the story on Port and Ike Stockton in your April 1997 issue. But, who were their parents, and when were they born? I serve as sort of a "clearing house" for all things Stockton. I have information on a Thomas Stockton who ran a hotel in New Mexico, but he claimed no relation to Port and Ike.—**The Stockton Project, Pam Jeglinski, 2611 194th Avenue, K.P.S., Lakebay, Washington 98349.**

Glispin

I would like information on my great-uncle, Joe Glispin, who helped run the James-Younger gang out of Northfield, Minnesota. I would appreciate any information on Glispin, or contact with any living relatives.—**Edith Mansfield, P.O. Box 7, Yucca, Arizona 86438.**

Robbins

My great-grandfather, Charles Chauncey Robbins, was born in July 1814,—presumably in the United States—and vanished while supposedly living in the area of Council Bluffs, Iowa, about 1847. Any information on Charles Robbins would be greatly appreciated.—**Dick Robbins, P.O. Box 382, Chauncey, Ohio 45719.**

Tate

I am looking for any information, photos, or documents concerning Pony Express rider Billy Tate. Tate was supposedly killed by Indians in 1860 or '61. He also survived the Mountain Meadows Massacre in 1857.—**Jeff Trimm, 230 Wabash Avenue, Apartment 22, Eureka, California 95501.**

Gallagher

Please help me find any information on my great-grandfather, Francis Gallagher. I know he was born in Ireland in the 1840s and went to prison for killing a man in a barroom fight. My grandfather, John, was born May 8, 1869, in Shropshire, England. I assume his father went to prison before 1869, possibly to either Australia or New Zealand. John's mother remarried and they took the name Machin. John emmigrated to America in 1891 on the R.M.S. Aurania. Any information would be appreciated.—**Collette Machin Gibson, 201 East 100 North, Manti, Utah 84642.**

Ortega

I am searching for descendants of brothers Alfonse, Edward, and Anthony Ortega of Texas, born between 1896 and 1904. Their father, Angel, was born in Mexico in 1865. Their mother, Johanna Bresemann, was born in Germany in 1868. Anthony and Edward served with the 124th Field Artillery in Chicago (1920-25), training on the "French 25" horse-drawn artillery rig (as described in *True West*, 1994). Last known whereabouts were Houston, Texas, for Alfonse in 1920, and Chicago, Illinois, for Johanna, Anthony, and Edward in 1928. The family likely returned to San Antonio or Houston around 1930. If you have any information please contact me.—**B. Martens, P.O. Box 2880, Clagary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2M7.**

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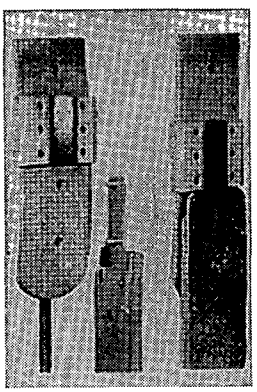

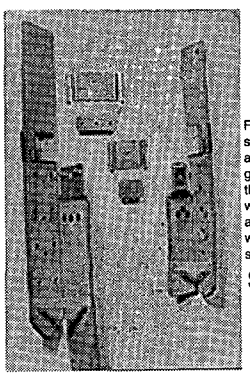

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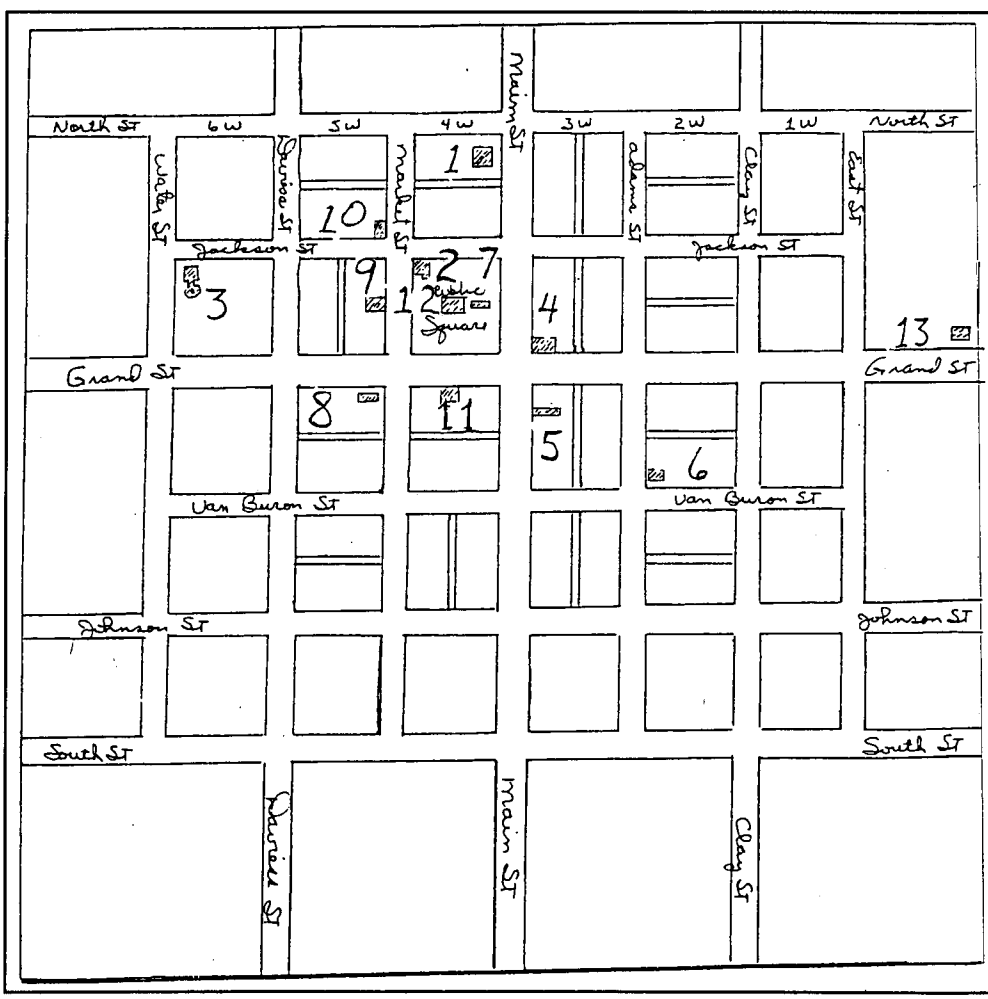
RINGO REVISITED

BY DAVE JOHNSON

Since the publication of *John Ringo*, a great deal of interest in the Ringo family has been expressed. Not surprisingly, the focus of that interest has been on John's life prior to his arrival in Texas. To address some of these questions, several of the most commonly commented on and asked about items are presented for the first time.

Most importantly, Ringo family member Philip Ault called to my attention an error to footnote 39, Chapter 1. In it, I wrote that John Ringo's aunt, Melissa Ringo, had married Elias Halliday and that following his death she was remarried to W.M. Holliday. This information is not correct. Melissa died on November 18, 1885, predeceasing her husband. Elias Halliday died on May 22, 1906. This information is derived from Elias' obituary and is unquestionably correct.

The prosperity of the Ringo family has been questioned by some writers. When Martin Ringo established his store in Gallatin, Missouri, he took pains to insure that it was situated on a good site. The plot plan, which was provided by historian Dave Stark, notes the store location. Dave advised at the time that the site was the second most desirable location in Gallatin (the



Author's Collection

GALLATIN, MISSOURI

1. Pit jail, 1842.
2. Stone jail, 1859.
3. Roto jail, 1887.
4. Wirt's Store, 1841.
5. Martin Ringo store, 1858.
6. Martin Ringo home, 1859.
7. Location of Reno Burg.
8. Location of John Sheets murder, 1869.
9. Location of Frank James' trial, 1883.
10. Frank James' resi dence during trial, 1883.
11. Stollings Store, 1838.
12. Old brick courthouse, 1842.
13. P.R. Wirt residence, 1842.

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Author's Collection

The Santa Clara County Directory listing for Mary Ringo's boarding house.

first having already been occupied). During the years that the family lived there, they prospered. When they finally left Missouri in 1864, Martin had two fully loaded wagons in the Ringo entourage.

Another question of interest to readers focuses on when John Ringo left California. Modern folklore has it that he left his family in dire straits during 1869. This is not correct. The census entry for Santa Clara County clearly indicates that John Ringo was still at home at the time the family was enumerated. His brother, Martin Albert, was working as a printer and providing an income to the family during this time. While John Ringo's occupation is not listed, he was then working as a farm laborer and cowboy. Nor did he leave the family financially strapped, for the 1871 San Jose Directory clearly noted his mother's boarding house.

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The Bloody Reign of Sid Wallace

By Glenn Shirley

In 1863 the Civil War raged on all fronts. In the Trans-Mississippi department it was being vigorously prosecuted in Arkansas. Little Rock was occupied by Union forces in September, and efforts were made to overtake Confederate forces or drive them into Louisiana. Raids across the Missouri border brought several upper Arkansas counties under Union control. By December, Johnson County, on the Arkansas River between Little Rock and Fort Smith, had been occupied by Yankee soldiers of Company C, Second Kansas Regiment, headquartered at the county seat of Clarksville, under the command of Lieutenant Gideon M. Waugh.

Johnson County was a 675-square-mile area of sandy clay uplands and alluvial river and creek bottoms and one of the best corn, cotton, and fruit-growing counties in the state. Hardwood timber in the mountainous portions was the chief resource for a lumber industry that had added to Clarksville's steady growth since its incorporation in 1848. A vast mining industry of coal and iron in the southern part of the county was in the offing. All roads met at Clarksville, making it an interstitial point for Union operations.

Though his Yankee troops dominated the area completely, Lieutenant Waugh had all kinds of worries.

At the beginning of the war, able-bodied men from every walk of life, including planters and field overseers, farmers and farmers' boys, all shouldered the musket in the line or galloped away on their steeds to fight for the cause. Crops and fruit orchards had been badly neglected and family larders were almost bare. Foraging for horses and food was becoming next to impossible. A recent examination of the Methodist church across the street from the southwest corner of the town square, which had been converted into a commissary, revealed that supplies were dangerously low.

The array of telegraphic equipment in a corner room of the frame courthouse on the square, where Waugh headquartered and which had served as the town's telegraphic office before the occupation, was somberly quiet. The troops had been unable to maintain the line to either Little Rock or Fort Smith due to the wire being mysteriously cut and cut again almost as soon as a break was located and repaired.

At daybreak, December 31, Lieutenant Waugh dispatched a courier to Little Rock on a 200-mile round trip, which he figured, due to fresh mounts being likely sparse along the way, would take at least two days. Even after Little Rock received his urgent request, there would be considerable delay before supplies for the Clarksville garrison could be loaded on the next Union steamboat westbound up the Arkansas River.

An hour later, the hawk-eyed Waugh stood at his courthouse window, glowering over the dingy store buildings that made up the middle of the town, and growled at the less than military precision in which his troopers departed on the daily business of patrols. Their original spit and polish had long since rubbed off. Six days previous, they had marked Christmas day by gnawing on moldy hardtack and leathery steaks sliced from an aged cow that had been roped and butchered.

Even from his vantage, it is doubtful that Waugh saw the three cavalrymen who rode through the covered bridge across Spadra Creek at the east end of Main Street and galloped from sight over the steep slope beyond, known as "East Hill." Apparently they were to scout the road that turned southeast to Cabin Creek, a hamlet five miles distant. Their actions afterwards, however, almost provoked an open rebellion of the town's several hundred populace.

One of the riders, a hulking man with coarse black eyebrows and apparently the leader, was decked out in a heavy overcoat that was several sizes too small; the second, a short, slender man, sat astride a farm saddle he had cabbaged; the third, a medium-built man with extremely narrow shoulders, carried a double barreled shotgun in his saddle boot rather than the regulation carbine. All wore ragged beards that had gone untrimmed for days.

Two miles from Clarksville, the trio reined up in front of a large log house in which resided Reverend Vincent M. Wallace, his wife, and five young sons, Tom, Matt, Will, George, and 12-year-old Sydney, the eldest. "Aunt Missouri" Blackard, Mrs. Wallace's slave woman, had lived with the family for several years. All were at home. Smoke of their breakfast fire trailed lazily skyward from the massive stone chimney.

A neat rail fence paralleled the road and enclosed the yard, and the short, slender rider swung from his

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farm saddle, fumbling with the wire loop that secured the hinged gate.

"Hell fire," snorted the burly leader, "let's call the old man out."

The one fumbling with the gate shouted, "Hey, preacher, c'mon out hyar. We got a question to put to ye."

The graying Reverend Wallace stepped out on the porch clad in his underwear and trousers, supported by wide leather galluses. He had thrown a nondescript garment about his shoulders to protect against the cold, and as he approached the gate, it was obvious to the trio that he was not armed.

The big man leaned from his saddle slightly, spat a stream of tobacco juice, and said bluntly, "We hear you got church money buried. Where is it?"

"I'm afraid, sir, you have been misinformed," the minister replied. "I have no money, even in my pockets—let alone buried."

The big man's eyebrow puckered ominously. "Dig it up, preacher!"

"Yeah, dig it up!" echoed the man with the scrawny shoulders. He jerked the shotgun from his saddle boot and thrust the twin muzzles in the minister's face.

The Reverend Wallace spread his arms in supplication. "But men, I've told you...."

The minister's calm dignity shook the scrawny man's poise. From the corner of his eye he saw Mrs. Wallace and her slave woman appear in the open front door, and standing half concealed behind their ballooning skirts, young Sydney. Without hesitation, he pulled both triggers of the shotgun.

The double blast hurled the Reverend Wallace to the ground. The big man gaped at the bloody corpse and roared, "Hell fire—what'd you do that fur! We could've worked him over."

The shotgunner yelled back, "I thought that damn kid had a gun."

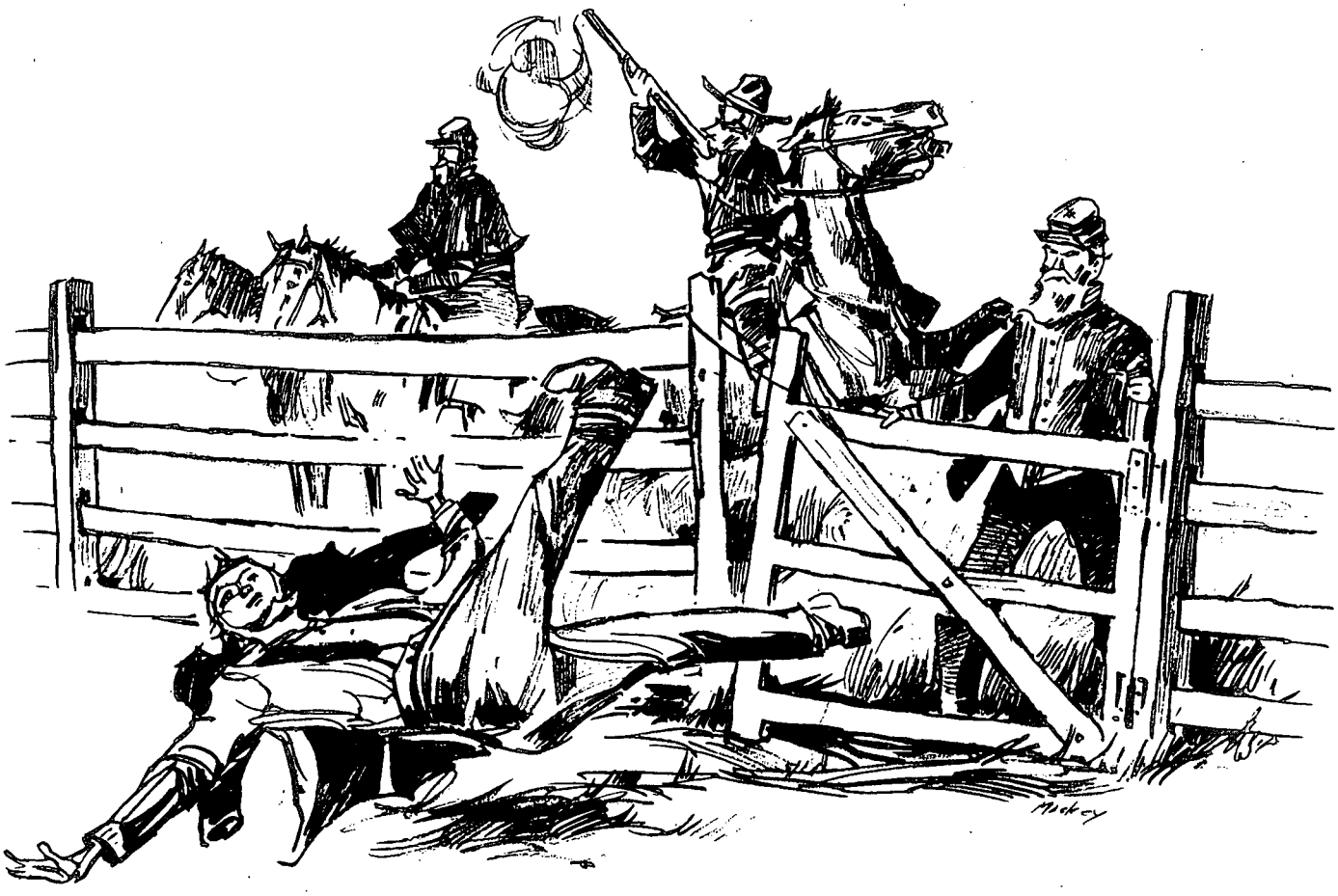
"Let's get outta here!" the leader shouted. He wheeled his mount and went thundering away down the Cabin Creek road with his companions spurring savagely in a dead run behind.

Apprised of the killing, Lieutenant Waugh promised the hostile townspeople a full investigation, and added half in apology, "Damn! Damn this war all to hell."

He called his men out in full dress, told them the crime would be dealt with by courts-martial as soon as the culprits were apprehended, and curtly dismissed the company. Mrs. Wallace, her slave woman, and Sydney, evidently in fear of reprisals if not their own lives, failed to identify the parties involved.

The Reverend Wallace was laid to rest by a resigned citizenry, but one old-timer of Clarksville, accosting the lieutenant on the town square, tongue-lashed him to a fare-thee-well with "you and your goddam blue-bellied cutthroats...."

The investigation proceeded, without results. Practices of guerrilla bands were not uncommon in Johnson County, and it was never



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determined whether the killers were Company C troopers or renegades camouflaged in Yankee uniforms.

By May 1864, the affair had been relegated as part of the ravages of war. Waugh ordered an evacuation of Clarksville, wrecking the courthouse and burning the Methodist church and supplies it contained, as the federal command viewed with alarm the fast-moving forces of General Sterling Price from his camp in lower Arkansas. With a corps of eighteen regiments of cavalry, Price reached the upper part of the state and sought to enter Missouri. There was skirmishing every day, which often amounted to heavy engagements, the general result of the expedition being fruitless, however. It was the last considerable effort of the war in Arkansas, surrender of the state soon followed the surrender on April 9, 1865, of general in chief of the Confederate army Robert E. Lee, to general in chief of the Union forces Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox Court House, in Virginia.

But little Sydney Wallace had seen his father's slayers "good," as they argued at the yard gate and the shotgun roared. Lying across his father's body and sobbing, while his mother collapsed in a state of shock, he had marked indelibly in his mind every detail of their characteristics, size, and build. Before Clarksville was evacuated, he had learned their names and where they hailed from, and swore an oath. Still, he kept his silence.

Thus the saga of a bloody trail of vengeance was born.

During the years after the war, more bleakness and poverty, this time under the rule of "carpetbaggers," fell upon Johnson County. Mrs. Wallace kept the farm, and her family together, with the help of Aunt Missouri Blackard, who stayed on. She prayed fervently for guidance, and made her sons swear on her Bible that they would not attempt revenge. As each of the boys grew up, they had to repeat the pledge to their mother—all except Sydney.

Sydney Wallace, affectionately known as "Sid," matured into a handsome, dark blue-eyed six-footer with broad shoulders, who at age seventeen, should have been one of the most popular blades with young belles at parties. But his wild and headstrong behavior garnered him few invitations, and those he received, he ignored. Soon the country was humming with a story that rivaled the derring-do of Missouri's Jesse and Frank James and the Younger brothers.

Sid rode to Kansas on a white mare, his favorite mount, clad in expensive garb and posing as a drummer for a Saint Louis mercantile company. One evening at dusk, he stopped at a certain farmhouse and asked the farmer and his wife directions to the next town some distance away. As was the custom of the day, and as Sid expected, the farmer, a medium-built man with extremely narrow shoulders, invited him to "eat and spend the night."

During an informal conversation after supper and prior to bedtime, Sid told his host that he was the son of a soldier stationed at Clarksville during the war. This prompted the farmer to recollect several events, including how he had "gunned down ol' Vint Wallace" in 1863.

Next morning after breakfast, the farmer accompanied Sid into the yard to prepare his mare for travel. When Sid had mounted, he leaned from the saddle as if to shake the farmer's hand for his hospitality. Instead, he jerked a huge Colt's Army revolver from under his coat, shot the man in the face, and spurred away without looking back.

Kansas authorities never identified the "expensively dressed St. Louis drummer." But the circumstances and absence of Sid and his white mare at the time from Johnson County left little doubt among Clarksville citizens that Sid had wreaked vengeance on the first of his father's three slayers. Though they did not look upon murder as the solution to the youth's problem, they understood the hatred he nurtured in their own struggle to erase the scars of a bitter war.

Sid Wallace caught the fancy of the people.

In 1871, Clarksvllle was given new vigor. The St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad was under construction above the Arkansas River from Little Rock to Fort Smith, and had laid its track ninety-five miles westward to Cabin Creek, renamed Lamar. Area farmers profited considerably by contracting to haul timbers for ties or hiring out teams for slip-shovel work. Many of their sons matched their muscle against the brawn of professional tracklayers. Construction problems and securing right-of-ways were the chief topics of discussion on the courthouse square, and the clink of hard coin in saloons and business establishments was music long denied the ears of the townspeople.

The old Wallace boys worked for the railroad as their farm duties permitted. But not Sid. He reveled in the heady feeling of having already been "noticed," and had other fish to fry. A Captain Dickey, a hulking man with coarse black eyebrows, and a short, slender man named Evans, ex-soldiers who had served in Johnson County during the war, were back as employees of the railroad company.

One afternoon Dickey was driving his buggy on the Cabin Creek road with a companion, Dud Turner, when a masked rider suddenly emerged from a roadside thicket and blocked their path. As Turner would relate afterwards, the rider was "well-dressed, astride a splendid white horse, and armed with a huge army model Colt's." The cold dark eyes between his hat brim and bandanna mask "glittered with some unholy purpose." Without a word, he "snaked out his Colt's," shot Dickey in the forehead, then vanished in the brush.

As Dickey's body slumped sideways against Turner's shoulder, Turner shoved it upright and seized the reins. It was all the completely demoralized man could do to control the excited horse between the shafts of the buggy and hold his dead friend in the seat as he covered in a dead run the distance to Clarksville.

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The dead man was removed from the buggy to a bench on the square, quickly identified, and covered with a blanket. Only then did Turner recover sufficiently to give a rendition of the incident, and stutter: "It was Sid Wallace done the shooting."

Word spread that "Captain Dickey had something to do with the killing of Vint Wallace," and railroad related matters took a backseat to the discussion of Sid's latest exploit.

Local lawmen gathered a posse and ventured out to the Wallace home, somewhat reluctantly. To their astonishment, and great relief, Sid proved docile and seemed even amused when informed that he was under arrest on suspicion of murder. He saddled his white mare and calmly accompanied his captors to Clarksville.

Sid was locked in an upstairs corner room of the courthouse, the only room still sound enough to serve as a jail since the building was wrecked by Union troops. When the footsteps of his captors died away on the rickety stairs, Sid observed that the mechanism on the only window in the room was rusty. Applying his lean strength, he ripped it from the wooden frame. The opening was small, but he managed to wriggle through, dropped down on top of a building adjoining the courthouse, and was gone from Clarksville before anyone noticed that his mare was missing, At home, he armed himself with two Colt revolvers and a shotgun, and vanished in his usual haunts along the Arkansas.

Johnson County lawmen, appointed by the carpetbag regime, were anything but popular. While they made a wild but fruitless search for Sid, the people laughed. Dud Turner, key witness in the Dickey affair, sought safety in Indian Territory.

Meanwhile, Arkansas was in the throes of a contest for the governorship, known as the "Brooks-Baxter War." Candidate Joseph Brooks, an Iowan who was inclined to the distribution of patronage in favor of outsiders, contested Elisha Baxter, an Arkansas native, who, despite being a Union follower during the Civil War, stood for strong law and order and the future restoration of the franchise to ex-Confederate soldiers. Baxter was elected.

Shortly after his inauguration in January 1873, Governor Baxter appointed Elisha Meers as circuit judge for the district which included the county. Meers was a native of Johnson County, and though not admired for his Republican affiliations, he conducted the affairs of his office impartially and soon gained respect as an able and honest magistrate. In addition, he supported Clarksville's economic development.

Wooden store fronts, unpainted and neglected since the war years, were being refurbished and new buildings of red brick erected. A new courthouse also was in the offing.

Judge Meers promptly docketed the Dickey murder case. Dud Turner returned from Indian Territory, and Sid Wallace came out of hiding voluntarily. He was seen about town, heavily armed and accompanied by his brother George, but was not re-arrested. Learning that Turner was back in Clarksville, the brothers accosted him on the street and pistol-whipped him unmercifully. Only the interference of bystanders prevented another killing.

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Within a few days Turner recovered from his wound. Bent on revenge, he posted himself in an alley just off Main Street. As George Wallace walked past, he blasted him with a shotgun. George staggered into a nearby store, sat down on a keg of nails, and died minutes later.

Sid, who was in the Flood Saloon near the town's covered bridge, heard the news and hurried to the scene. But Turner already had been arrested by the town constable, Doc Ward. Judge Meers released Turner on a writ of habeas corpus, and Turner again fled to Indian Territory.

Sid rode away in the night without attending his brother's burial. The next day word reached Clarksville that the man Evans, the alleged third member of the Vince Wallace murder trio, had been called to the door of his shack on Sprada Creek and shot to death by a "mysterious visitor." Though there was no real evidence that Sid was the killer, a warrant was issued for his arrest and the search renewed, without success.

Finally, word reached Clarksville that Sid was at home. Convinced that he would not surrender this time without a fight, Constable Ward and a heavily armed posse surrounded the house and called, from a safe distance, that they intended to take him one way or another. There was no answer. Sid's saddled mare stood tied at the well in back of the house. But there were no other signs of his presence, or any movement about the place until almost dark.

Aunt Missouri Blackard appeared at the back door with a wooden pail in her hand, apparently going for water. Her skirts billowed unusually in the fading light as she walked slowly toward the well. The weary posse waited. As the woman stopped at the well, Sid popped from beneath her skirts, leaped astride his mare, and was gone in the dark before his would-be captors recovered from their astonishment or could unlimber a weapon.

Again, Clarksville laughed, but not so heartily. On August 20, 1873, the town took a dim view of Sid's escapades entirely.

Constable Ward was enjoying the early morning coolness propped in a chair in front of the McConnell Drug Store, when a shotgun roared from a glassless window of a store on the square. Ward sprawled onto the wooden sidewalk, dead in a pool of blood.

The following afternoon, Judge Meers walked slowly toward home, engrossed in the affairs of his office and Ward's murder. He crossed on the footwalk of the covered bridge at the end of Main Street, and took his customary shortcut across a small field to the right from East Hill. As he stopped to climb through a wire fence, a shotgun blast knocked him off his feet. He never saw his assailant. Bleeding profusely when help arrived, he was carried to the nearby home of School Commissioner Littlebury Robinson and died within the hour.

Sid's whereabouts could not be established on either occasion. He certainly had a motive, and he became a prime suspect in the murders of Ward and Meers. This belief strengthened when Commissioner Robinson's daugher, who was en route on the now little-used stagecoach to Little Rock, saw a lone horseman pass shortly after the Meers killing and recognized Sid Wallace. When the coach reached Conway, Arkansas, she notified the Faulkner County authorities. Sheriff Stoudt and City Marshal Polk Alnut intercepted Sid at a ford on Point Remove Creek, captured and disarmed him as he was crossing the stream, and brought him to Clarksville.

Sid was indicted for the murders of Dickey, Ward, and Meers. But Dud Turner had long since vanished, and the evidence in the Ward and Meers cases was so thin, many people doubted that he would be convicted of anything. Furthermore, the people still smarted under the carretbag regime and figured Sid was being "railroaded."

Then the prosecution announced that a man named Tom Paine had witnessed the Ward killing. Sid would be tried for the murder of Constable Ward.

As soon as the announcement was made, Paine left the country. Many averred that "Ol' Tom's life was at stake" and didn't blame him for leaving. Someone, however, revealed his whereabouts in Indian Territory, and a subpoena was issued. Deputy United States marshals working out of the federal court for the Western District of Arkansas promptly located Paine and returned him to Johnson County.

Paine was close-mouthed, except to remark that he was "living on borrowed time." The Wallace trial was set for November 11, 1873. Just before it began, a man named Clark accosted Paine on the street. No one overheard the words that were exchanged. Clark pointed his pistol at Paine and pulled the trigger, but the pistol misfired. Paine drew his own weapon and wounded Clark. Clark was jailed, charged with assault to murder Paine. Both men remained non-committal about Clark's position in the Wallace affair, and Sid offered no clarification.

Rumors abounded that Sid would never stand trial—he would be sprung! Arkansas newspapers played up the gossip and dubbed the town "Bloody Clarksville." Governor Baxter, already aroused over the murder of Judge Meers, countered: "Such talk must cease!" He ordered a special militia organized, and sent weapons to arm it.

The trial proceeded as scheduled. Paine's testimony and a vigorous prosecution brought a guilty verdict. Sid Wallace was sentenced to be hanged December 23.

With a new courthouse under construction, the prisoner was confined in a more durable county calaboose improvised on the third floor of the huge Hershey building, northeast of the square. Clark, still recovering from his wound, occupied an adjoining cell.

At four o'clock the afternoon of November 25, Sid's brothers, Tom and Matt, were permitted to visit him in his cell. The three chatted

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casually, until they observed that the two jail guards had relaxed their vigil. In a split second, they grabbed a double-barreled shotgun from one of the men and relieved the other of his revolver. But the terrified guards fled down the stairs before the Wallace brothers could obtain the jail keys. Minutes later, boots were drumming on the wooden sidewalks, and the cry swept the streets, "The Wallaces have captured the jail!"

From his cell window, Sid had a good view of a section of Main Street. Cursing softly, he glared through the bars, momentarily uncertain of his next action. Tom and Matt eyed him in worried silence, but willing to back any move he made. In the adjacent cell, Clark stared popeyed, perspiring freely.

"Give it up, Sid, there ain't no way out," he pleaded.

At his window post, Sid jerked suddenly erect. He saw Tom Paine, pistol in hand, ducking for the shelter of a doorway to a store next to the Hershey building. He tilted the shotgun sharply downward between the bars, took quick aim and triggered one barrel. Paine plunged forward, dead before he hit the dust.

Excited cries came from below. Three men rushed bravely into the street, seized Paine's body, and dragged it from view of the jail window.

"Ol' Tom won't do any more lying," Sid remarked to his brothers.

Clark's face turned waxey. He seemed on the verge of vomiting.

The Paine diversion allowed the sheriff and his deputies to gain the lower floor of the building. Soon the sheriff bellowed up the stairwell, "Wallace, we've got a keg of powder and a fuse. If you don't throw them guns out the window, we're blastin' your cell all to hell!"

Sid shouted back, "Let my brothers come down, and I'll talk about it."

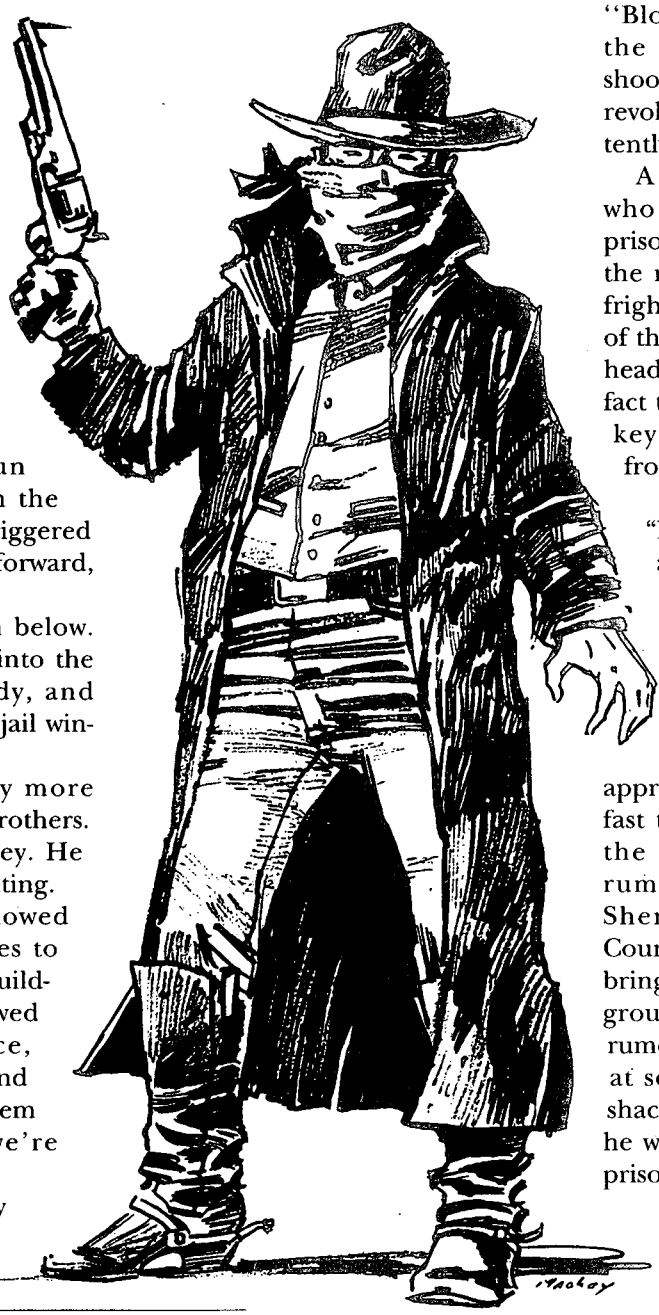
"Talk, hell," thundered the sheriff, "you've got just one minute."

Sid cursed the officers, but he knew they meant business. "All right," he conceded, "the guns are comin' out...."

He checked the shotgun to be sure another charge remained, eared back the hammer, and cocked the Colt's revolver. He then stepped to the window and tossed the weapons into the street.

The guns fell with a clatter, but only the shotgun discharged. Buckshot flew down the street, and some of the lead struck a man named Taylor in the heel.

The jail was recaptured without further incident. Pending an investigation of their aiding in the attempted escape and killing of Paine, Tom and Matt Wallace were sent to the federal jail at Van Buren, headquarters of the Western District court. At Governor Baxter's suggestion, Sid was escorted by Clarksville's special militia to the state penitentiary at Little Rock.



Sid won an appeal to the Arkansas supreme court, but the decision of the lower court was upheld. The date for his execution at Clarksville was reset for April 14, 1874.

During his wait in prison, Sid continued to be excellent newspaper copy, with references to "Bloody Clarksville," which irked the townspeople as much as his shootings. One day, Sid snatched a revolver from a guard who inadvertently stepped too close to his cage.

A group of Little Rock citizens, who happened to be touring the prison facilities, came upon Sid with the revolver cocked, glaring at the frightened guard through the bars of the locked cell. They were a cool-headed group, and pointed out the fact that the guard did not have the key. Cell keys were kept in the front office.

As one member observed, "Even if you killed six of us with all the loads in that gun, you still wouldn't be free."

Sid uncocked the revolver. With a laugh, he passed it through the bars to its relieved owner.

As the date for his execution approached, rumors flew thick and fast that Sid would never stand on the trap door of a gallows. The rumors climaxed after Deputy Sheriff E.A. Kline of Johnson County departed for Little Rock to bring him by train to Clarksville. A group of Wallace "friends," so the rumors went, would waylay the train at some unknown point on Sid's shackled journey. If Kline resisted, he would be gunned down and the prisoner removed anyhow.

The stories galled the head of the Clarksville militia, E.T. "Bud" McConnell. A stocky,

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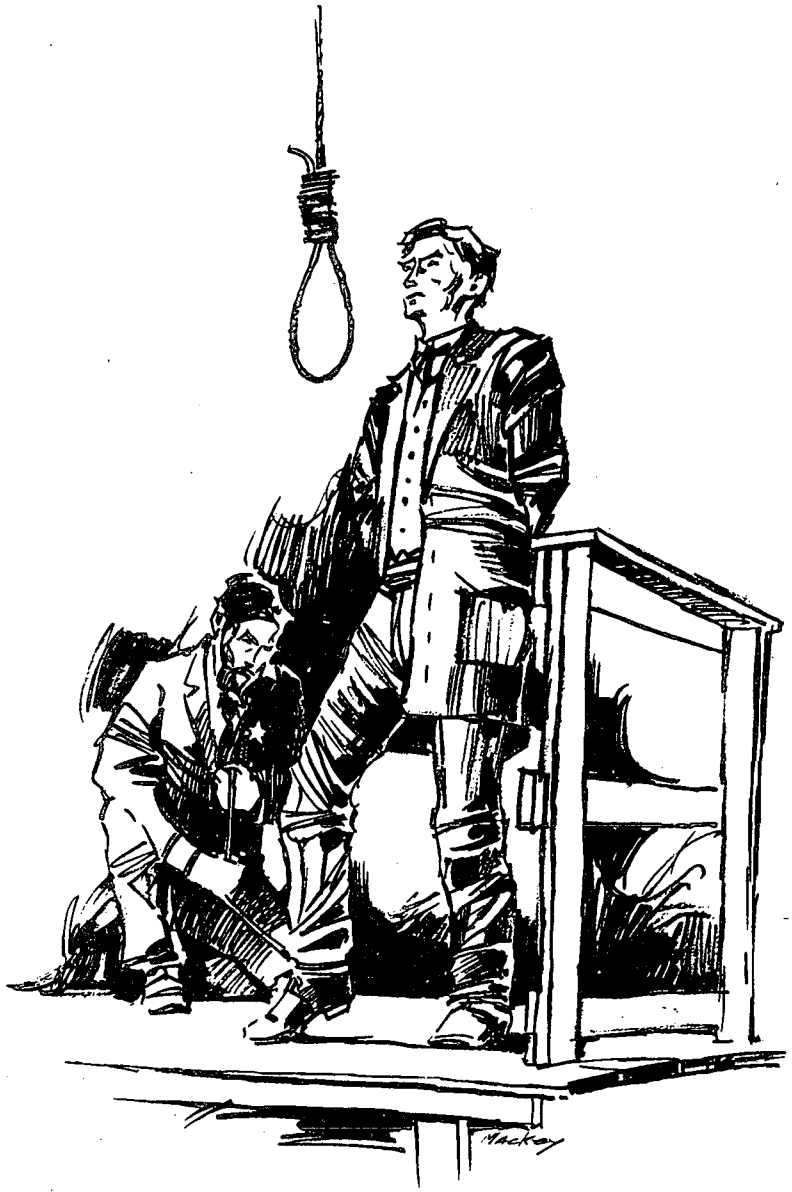
fiery young man with a jutting jaw and fierce black mustache, McConnell had fought with the Confederacy, only to return home from the war to political sickness. But he had wasted no time on self-pity. He took over management of the drugstore his father had founded before the war, and in partnership with a George Jamison, established a weekly newspaper, *The Enterprise.* As the title itself reflected, *The Enterprise* was devoted to "dragging the town from its postwar decadence to a place in the sun." Though forced to print "the news," McConnell detested and editorialized against the characters responsible for Clarksville's "bloody" designation. When informed that Sid Wallace would be removed from the train, he roared, "Not by a damn sight!"

With fourteen selected members of the militia, McConnell entrained to Little Rock and met Deputy Kline and his prisoner. The members occupied the rear coach of the train back to Clarksville, completely surrounding the shackled Wallace. McConnell rode in the cab with the engineer, carefully surveying the track until the train eventually chugged, without incident, into the Clarksville station. Wallace was quickly ushered through a large crowd of greeters and jailed in the Hershey building, under heavy guard and still shackled.



The walls of the new brick courthouse were already up on the square, but the interior and the planned "indoor gallows" were unfinished. Carpenters soon constructed a temporary scaffold, on the spot where Sid Wallace had stood when he killed Doc Ward.

Hanging day drew immense crowds to Clarksville. But nobody was celebrating. In general, the people appeared hopeful that the shootings and killings were ended.

McConnell stationed his militia along Main Street to open an avenue for the procession of guards and prisoner the short distance from the Hershey building to the raw wooden scaffold. Deputy Sheriff Kline led Sid Wallace up the steps to the platform, followed by the Reverend Burrows. At the foot of the structure, a group of out-of-town newspaper reporters stared curiously and scribbled notes.

Prayers were said when Kline tied Sid's hands behind his back. Asked if he had any last words for the throng, Sid replied in a firm, clear voice, "If you're here expecting a confession, I have none. I die in defense of myself and friends, and only wish I had a half dozen lives to give the same way."

Then Kline placed the noose around his neck. The Reverend Burrows whispered, "Son, die with a prayer on your lips...." Sid nodded, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom."

Kline then pulled the lever on the trap.

Clarksville's era of lawlessness did not end with the execution of Sid Wallace. However, the whole justice system was destined for a change. Bud McConnell was soon elected the first, real law-and-order sheriff of Johnson County. Within a few years, Clarksville was one of the most peaceful places to live in Arkansas.

But that is another "bloody" story.

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FT22 "Wyatt Earp: A Triple Acquaintance" (Mar. 1963)
TW130 "The Earps in Tonopah" (Aug. 1975)

SET WE2
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TW281 "Was Wyatt Earp Cowed?" (Sept. 1991)
TW43 "Was Wyatt Earp Really a U.S. Deputy Marshal?" (Feb. 1961)
TW33 "The Last Man" (June 1959)

SET WE3
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SET PG2
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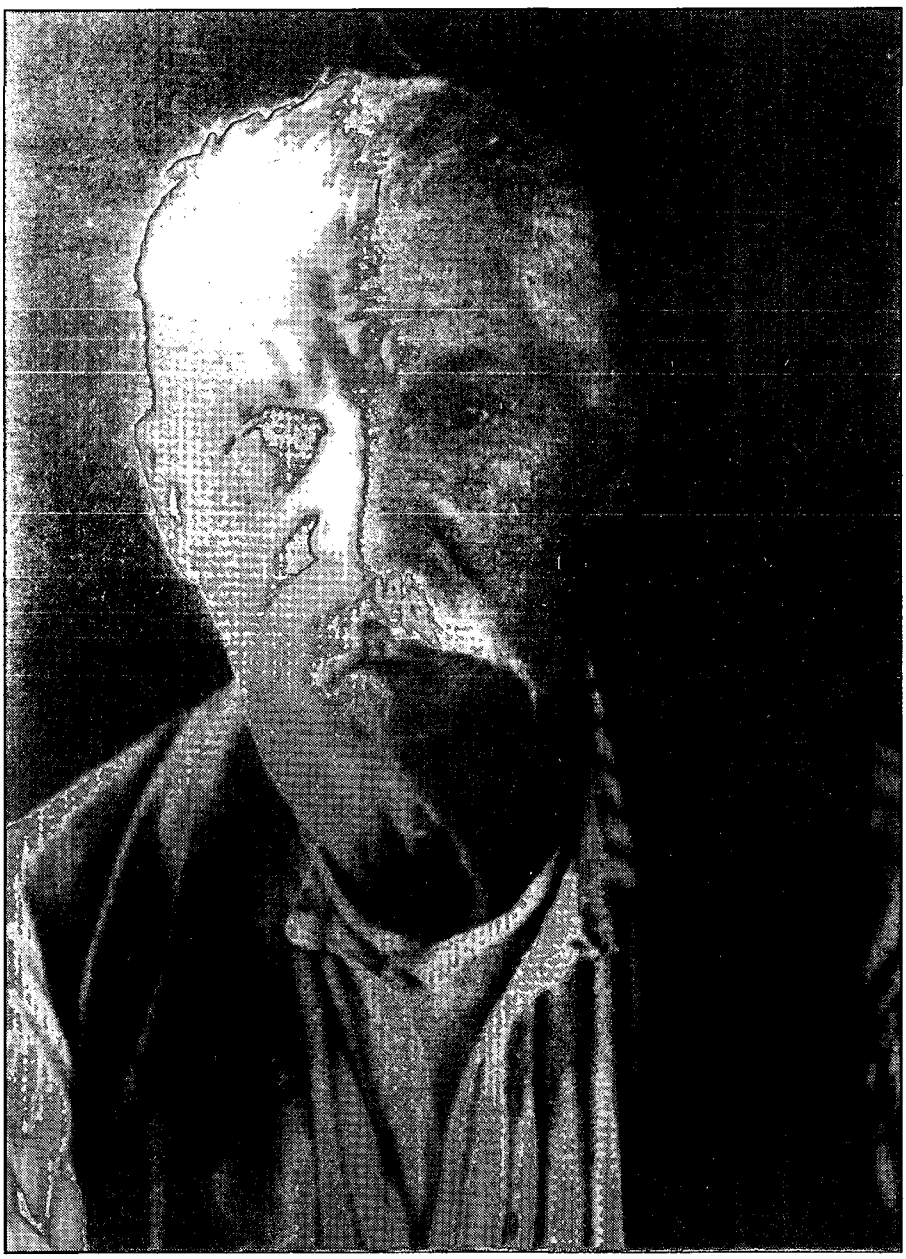
The July 1905, murders of a rancher and his hired hand near Livingston, Arizona, lead to a manhunt that would stretch across two countries, from the hills of Tennessee, deep into Mexico and hostile Indian territory, in search of the two fugitive suspects in...

THE SAMUEL PLUNKETT MURDERS

By Harold L. Edwards



Arizona Historical Society

Al Sieber, aged veteran of the Arizona Apache wars, came out of retirement to help track the Plunkett murderers.

On Thursday, July 20, 1905, the Globe, Arizona, newspaper, *The Arizona Silver Belt*, reported the grizzly murders of Samuel Plunkett, a thirty-eight year-old, Pennsylvania-born stock raiser, and his aged employee, seventy-five year-old, Michigan-born Edward Kennedy. The brutal atrocities shocked the citizens of southern Arizona and the search for the murderer, or murderers, by law enforcement officers was intense and widespread. The search for the killers even reached into Tennessee and Sonora, Mexico. Several innocent men were arrested for the murders before Arizona Ranger Lieutenant Harry Wheeler captured the murderer and his companion near Willcox, Arizona, during a rainstorm several months later.

On July 9 or 10, 1905, Samuel Plunkett drove his wife and their young daughter into Globe from his ranch near Livingston and put them on the train for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where Mrs. Plunkett planned to visit relatives. Plunkett didn't accompany his wife on her trip, as he had a pending appointment with the United States' reclamation officer in Roosevelt, Arizona, to discuss business matters. The rancher, however, didn't appear for his July 12 appointment, and a day later the concerned government agent sent a messenger to the Plunkett ranch to investigate. The messenger found the doors on the ranch buildings locked. No one answered his calls, and the investigator returned to the

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reclamation office and reported his findings.

The following day the reclamation officer, who still felt uneasy about Plunkett's failure to appear for the appointment, sent another investigator to the Plunkett ranch. The second messenger investigated further than calls and door knocks and found the gory remains of Plunkett and Kennedy in the ranch house. Gila County Sheriff Ed Shanley was immediately notified, and he and Deputies Will Shanley, "Chaw" Anderson, Henry Thompson, and others left Globe and went to the murder scene to investigate. Plunkett's brother-in-law, Walter Shute, of Roosevelt, was also notified of the gruesome killings, and he reported the murders by telephone to the editor of the *Silver Belt.* For the next several months the *Silver Belt* and other Arizona newspapers provided a running narrative of the events surrounding the murder investigations as they unfolded.

It appeared to Sheriff Shanley that the murderer attacked Plunkett while he slept in his bed in the ranch house. His head had been crushed by blows from an iron bar, which had been a piece of a wagon tongue, and his body had been stabbed and slashed numerous times by a large knife. It also appeared to Sheriff Shanley that Edward Kennedy, who slept in another building, heard the commotion and came to the ranch house to see about it. He was killed on the ranch house porch by a blow to his head by the iron bar, which was found nearby with blood on it, and numerous stabs and slashes by a large knife. His body was dragged from the porch and left in the room with Plunkett's remains. The motive for the murders appeared to be robbery as subsequently it was determined about $100 in gold coin was missing as was a gold watch and a .38 revolver.

The tracks of two men, who were walking, were trailed to a creek about four miles away. At this point, the officers found a revolver holster and belt and two shirts. One shirt was clean, but the other one was covered with blood. The possemen felt these items had been abandoned by the killers. Arizona Ranger Private William Peterson arrived to help with the trailing, and even Al Seiber, the noted scout from the Apache Indian Wars came out of semi-retirement to trail the outlaws. The officers followed the killers' tracks into Globe, where the trail was lost.

As the investigation and the search for the murderers broadened, the focus centered on two Mexicans who had been employed on the ranch by Plunkett. They remained unnamed, but the officers had their descriptions. Sheriff Shanley published and distributed reward notices for the arrests and convictions of the killers. One murderer was described as "tall, light complexioned, Mexican, about 5'9" in height, small beard all over his face; heaviest on chin; about 35 years of age: was wearing straw hat when last seen" and a "short, heavy-set Mexican 22 or 23 years of age, black, looks like a Yaqui; smooth face, wearing blue overalls and a black slough hat, and carried a dark-colored coat when last seen." The amount of the reward for each arrest was $300. The countryside

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Arizona Ranger Lieutenant Harry Wheeler.

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Arizona Historical Society

Arizona Ranger Sergeant Billy Old.

was scoured to no avail. The killers had vanished.

During the next few weeks frantic searches for the killers ensued. Sheriff Shanley was tireless in his efforts to locate and apprehend the murderers. His deputies constantly followed leads. Undersheriff David Heron dispatched reward notices and monitored incoming information on the case. During this time, at least a dozen suspects for the murders were taken into custody and questioned; however, all of them could prove their innocence and all were released.

Suspicions narrowed to two men who were seen by John Booth on a road near Globe. They closely resembled the descriptions of the murderers, and Deputies Bud Armer and Billy Moore pursued the suspects but failed to overtake them.

In the meantime, Plunkett's wife was advised of her husband's tragic death and she returned to her home from New Mexico. Prior to that, on the night of July 14, 1905, Globe Undertaker F.L. Jones carried two caskets in a wagon from Globe to the Plunkett ranch and retrieved the remains of Plunkett and Kennedy. On Sunday afternoon, July 16, 1905, a double funeral service was held for the murder victims in Globe's Oddfellows hall. After their services, the remains were interred in the local cemetery. The services were well-attended, and community feelings against the killers ran high. The editor of the *Silver Belt* speculated about the possibilities of lynching if the killers were caught.

The frantic search for the murderers continued, and two Mexicans were arrested by officers in Red Rock in Pinal County as suspects in the case. Plunkett's brother-in-law, Eugene Shute, went to Red Rock to identify the prisoners as former employees on the Plunkett ranch. Shute couldn't identify the men, and they claimed that at the time of the murders they were elsewhere in the employ of the Southern Pacific railroad company. The company verified the prisoners' claims, and they were released.

By now, Arizona Governor Joseph Kibbey had offered a reward of $500 for the arrests and convictions of the Plunkett killers. Gila County authorities raised the amount of their reward from $300 to $550, making the total reward $1,050. The hunt for the killers continued.

Sometime around August 21, 1905, Pima County Deputy Sheriff Tom Mills arrested Felipé Sanchez at Arivaca Junction and lodged him in the jail at Tucson, Arizona. It isn't clear what prompted the arrest, but it seems Sanchez was on the Plunkett ranch when the murders occurred and could identify the killers. Sheriff Shanley transported Sanchez to Globe and locked him in the Gila County jail. As a witness, Sanchez refused to cooperate with Sheriff Shanley and was subsequently charged with being an accessory to the murders.

Also in August, two men whose descriptions resembled those of the murderers were arrested by officers in Alamagordo, New Mexico. Frank Adams, who may have seen the same men on the road near Globe after the murders, went to Alamagordo to see if he could identify the prisoners as the men he knew to have been employed on the Plunkett ranch just prior to the murders. Adams made a positive identification, and the men were held in the jail to await the wishes of Sheriff Shanley.

In the same month, the search for the killers shifted to Sweetwater, Tennessee. Mrs. W.E. Spence, a former resident of Globe, Arizona, lived on a farm near Sweetwater.

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She still subscribed to the *Silver Belt* and had read of the Plunkett murders and the search for the killers. She wrote to the editor of the newspaper and said that on August 2, 1905, she saw two men walking past her farm on the road. They were Mexicans and they appeared to match the descriptions of the Plunkett murderers. Mr. Spence notified the local Tennessee sheriff of the suspicious-appearing men and related the tragic occurrences in Globe. The sheriff arrested the two men and notified Sheriff Shanley.

By mid-August, Sheriff Shanley received photographs of the two men held in the Alamagordo jail as well as the ones in Sweetwater. The photos were publicly displayed and were seen by Livingstone Postmaster Marshal Curnett who felt that the men held in Tennessee were the murderers. Conversely, Frank Adams identified the prisoners in the Alamagordo jail as the men who had been employed on the Plunkett ranch. At this point, Sheriff Shanley had two sets of killers on his hands.

Undersheriff David Heron prepared for a trip to Tennessee, and he planned to take an unidentified person with him who could identify the prisoners in Sweetwater as the men who worked on a canal near Roosevelt when the Plunkett murders occurred. However, the sheriff's investigation took another direction and the prisoners in Tennessee were ordered released. The prisoners in the Alamagordo jail were transported to the jail in Globe even though they faced burglary charges in New Mexico.

After arriving in Globe, charges of murder were lodged against the two unnamed prisoners and they appeared for a preliminary hearing in early September 1905. Felipé Sanchez testified in the hearing. The matter was referred to the district court for trial and the prisoners remained in the Globe jail pending court action. In the meantime, two more men were arrested as the Plunkett killers. Graham County Deputy Sheriffs J.D. Parks and Alberto Munfuia felt they had the correct men under arrest because they conformed to the descriptions on the reward notices. Further investigation into the matter proved the men innocent, and they were released.

During early October 1905, Pantaleon Ortega, a bartender employed by Mark Cheveer, was arrested in Globe for being an accessory to the crimes. Officers who visited the saloon noticed that Ortega became very nervous when in their presence. They asked Mrs. Cheveer why that was the case. She asked Ortega about it, and he replied that he was not aware that he had broken any laws unless it was because he had helped two men who were his friends by hiding them for two days in Mrs. Cheveer's rooming house. He had also purchased them new clothing after getting their paychecks cashed. After he got them out of town, Ortega suggested to Mrs. Cheveer that they have the rubbish cleaned from underneath her rooming house. The officers felt that Ortega had helped the Plunkett murderers by his acts and had used the cleaning of the refuse under the house as a pretex for getting rid of their clothes, which may have been blood-spattered.

Mrs. Cheveer informed the officers that Ortega had received a letter from the two men. It had been sent from Minas Prietas, Sonora, Mexico. Also, she said she thought she would recognize the men if she saw them again. The charges against the prisoners from Alamagordo, New Mexico, were dropped, but it isn't known if they were returned to New Mexico to face burglary charges. Ortega and Sanchez were held in the Globe jail to await developments.

At this point, Arizona Ranger Lieutenant Harry Wheeler received word at his Willcox headquarters in Cochise County that the Plunkett killers were in Mexico. Wheeler's information was that they moved from place to place every two weeks, but Wheeler was certain he could find them. Rather than chance the extradition process with Mexico, Wheeler preferred to arrest the killers himself, and he organized a posse consisting of Ranger Sergeant Billy Old and Privates Dick Hickey and Eugene Shute, a relative of Samuel Plunkett's wife who may have enlisted in the Rangers to serve on Wheeler's posse. The Rangers took leave, and they financed their trip into Mexico themselves and by donations from the victims' relatives. The excursion into Mexico was unofficial, but while he was at the border town of Nogales, Wheeler received permission from the governor of Sonora to pursue the outlaws. His posse entered Mexico in December 1905.

Rather than chance the extradition process with Mexico, Wheeler preferred to arrest the killers himself, and he organized a posse consisting of Ranger Sergeant Billy Old and Privates Dick Hickey and Eugene Shute, a relative of Samuel Plunkett's wife who may have enlisted in the Rangers to serve on Wheeler's posse.

Wheeler and his men rode the train from Nogales down to Magdalena, where Wheeler conferred with Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky, the chief of federal police for Sonora. Kosterlitzky didn't prohibit the Americans from going farther into Sonora, but he couldn't help them in their search because he was confronted with a fierce Yaqui Indian uprising in the district. He implored the Americans, however, to go no farther because of the hostile Indians would make their journey extremely hazardous. Kosterlitzky felt it best for the moment if the Americans remained in Magadalena. The Rangers were undaunted by the police chief's fears, and they pressed on into southern Sonora.

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They took a stagecoach to Santa Ana and searched the area to no avail. They rode the train to Ortiz, a town some thirty-five to forty miles northeast of Guaymas, located on the eastern shore of the Gulf of California. From Ortiz, they planned to travel overland to La Dura, which was in the heart of Yaqui Indian country. On the morning of their planned departure, however, a Mexican army officer approached them and forbade the Americans from making the trip. The army officer informed Wheeler that hostile Indians were within ten miles of Ortiz and the roads eastward were not safe unless travelers were escorted by soldiers. Failing to secure army protection for the trip, Wheeler and his posse quietly slipped out of Ortiz early the next morning and started their drive for La Dura.

After traveling some twenty miles, a detachment of cavalry soldiers approached them. Some of the soldiers were suffering from wounds, and a number of mounts were led that had empty saddles. It was obvious that the troops had been in a hard fight. The Americans were stopped by the officer in charge of the group, and he informed Wheeler that the soldiers had been in a fight with the Yaqui Indians and each side had taken heavy casualties. He tried to convince Wheeler and his men to retrace their steps to Ortiz as the way forward was too dangerous for travel because of the hostile Indians. Wheeler explained to the army officer that the Americans were also soldiers because the Arizona Rangers were constabulary organized along military lines. As soldiers, the Americans were as loath to turn back in the face of adversity as the Mexican officer and his troops. The officer heard Wheeler out, and then he saluted the American and rode forward with his men toward Ortiz. The Americans traveled on and later made a cold camp in some trees.

Early the next morning Wheeler and his posse were disrupted by the sound of moving horses, and in a short time a unit of Mexican cavalry, headed by an officer, rode into the camp and surrounded them. The officer placed the Americans under arrest "for their own good." The Wheeler party was placed in protective custody, and the officer explained that the Americans would remain guests of the Mexican military until other arrangements could be made for them. The officer told Wheeler that it was too dangerous for him to go on and that he would have to accompany the soldiers to a nearby army base.

Arizona Historical Society

Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky, chief of the Mexican federal police in northern Sonora.

Wheeler tried to argue with the Mexican officer. He explained his mission in Mexico, and he added that he and his men were in the country with permission. He went on to say that subsequent to his arrival in Mexico the Americans had committed no crimes and, lastly, he and his possemen were entirely capable of protecting themselves. Wheeler's remarks were to no avail, and he and his men were escorted to the army post where they were well-treated and spent the next four days in comfort. At the end of their confinement, the Americans were escorted by a squad of troops to La Dura, where their search failed to locate the Plunkett murderers. The soldiers escorted them back to Ortiz, where the Americans entrained to Guaymas.

Wheeler and his men searched Guaymas without results, and then they traveled a few miles east to Empalme where they heard that the men they were searching for might be working on railroad construction beyond the end of the tracks. The Americans rode the train as far as they could, about twenty miles to the northeast. They then walked along the roadbed toward the construction camps farther on.

While walking, the Americans saw no one, and in the next three days they used all their water and food. They were also cold, exhausted, and footsore. By the third night, they were desperate and so tired that they had to stop and rest every ten minutes. They had walked about fifty miles, and they didn't have the strength to go back. They had to march on even though they had no idea when they would find the railroad workers ahead of them.

They stumbled on, and, finally, one of the party saw a light ahead. Moving forward, they found an adobe house and knocked on the door. They heard the occupants scurrying about and a loud voice call in Spanish; "Get your pistols

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boys! Kill the Yaquis!" Wheeler realized that the occupants thought they were being accosted by hostile Indians and were terrified. The desperate Americans still knocked on the door, and at last, entered the house and found seven men, three women, and six children, all immobilized by fear. At last, Wheeler convinced the Mexicans that he and his men were friends and protectors. The Mexicans cared for the Americans, who rested several days and then returned to Empalme.

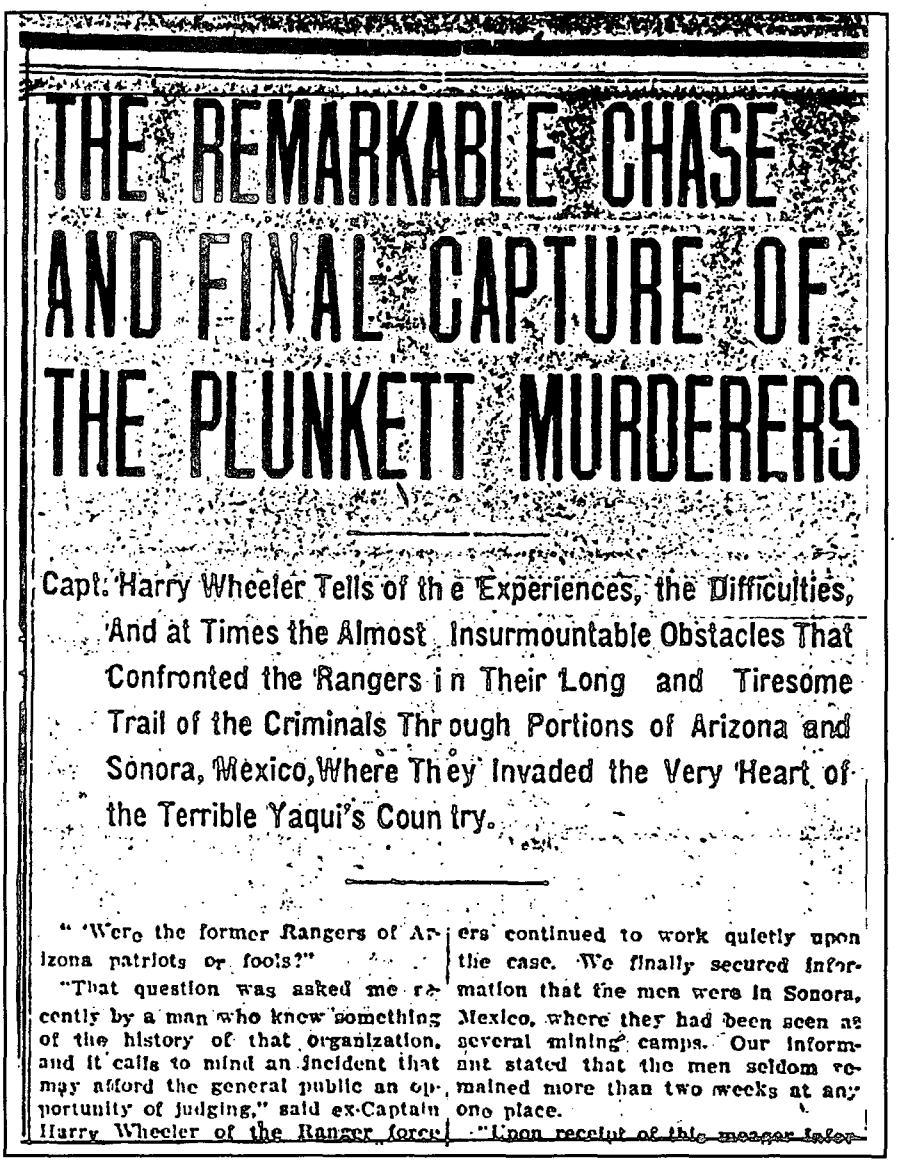
Wheeler and his party then went to the mining town of Minas Prietas, where they discovered the first clue to the whereabouts of the men they were seeking. They were told that two men who matched the description of the Plunkett killers were there by two days earlier but had left for Nogales. Wheeler's posse started immediately for the border city.

After searching Nogales on each side of the international border and not finding their quarry, Wheeler dismissed his men to return to active duty at their stations. He returned to Willcox and alerted surrounding law enforcement officers that he believed the Plunkett murderers had returned to Arizona and to be on the watch for them.

A few days later, Lieutenant Wheeler received a report that two Mexicans were sitting on the railroad tracks out of town. The circumstances were suspicious as the report indicated that the two men were in the open and sitting in a driving rain. Wheeler investigated, and the Mexicans were found as reported. They tried to move away as Wheeler approached them, but he told them that they were under arrest. The larger man, Gonzales, drew a large knife, and the smaller man, Ascencion, opened the blade of a small pocketknife but put it in his pocket. They surrendered meekly enough when Wheeler drew his revolver. The two men fit the descriptions of the Plunkett murderers perfectly, and Wheeler knew he had finally arrested the men for whom he had been long searching.

The prisoners were extremely nervous. That night in the Willcox jail Gonzales said to Ascencion, "They will hang us in Globe!" Ascencion answered, "No! They will hang you, but not me!" The frightened youngster, who Wheeler described as "little more than a boy," cooperated with the officers. He readily stated that Gonzales had murdered both Plunkett and Kennedy and, further, he had compelled his younger companion to watch the killings. Both prisoners were transported to the Gila County jail in Globe. The county grand jury indicted Gonzales for murder, but Ascencion was not charged and was released. Later, Gonzales escaped from jail but committed suicide.

After false starts and misdirected efforts and hardships, the case of the Samuel Plunkett murders was closed. However, public interest in the case continued, and, today, the tragic and senseless death of Sauel Plunkett remains one of Arizona's intriguing and fascinating murder cases.



THE REMARKABLE CHASE AND FINAL CAPTURE OF THE PLUNKETT MURDERERS

Capt. Harry Wheeler Tells of the Experiences, the Difficulties, And at Times the Almost Insurmountable Obstacles That Confronted the Rangers in Their Long and Tiresome Trail of the Criminals Through Portions of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico, Where They Invaded the Very Heart of the Terrible Yaqui's Country.

"'Were the former Rangers of Arizona patriots or fools?'

"That question was asked me recently by a man who knew something of the history of that organization, and it calls to mind an incident that may afford the general public an opportunity of judging," said ex-Captain Harry Wheeler of the Ranger force.

ers continued to work quietly upon the case. We finally secured information that the men were in Sonora, Mexico, where they had been seen at several mining camps. Our informant stated that the men seldom remained more than two weeks at any one place.

"Upon receipt of this meager infor-

Author's Collection

Harry Wheeler's account of the pursuit and capture of the Plunkett murderers as reported in the *Tucson Arizona Star*, February 10, 1910.

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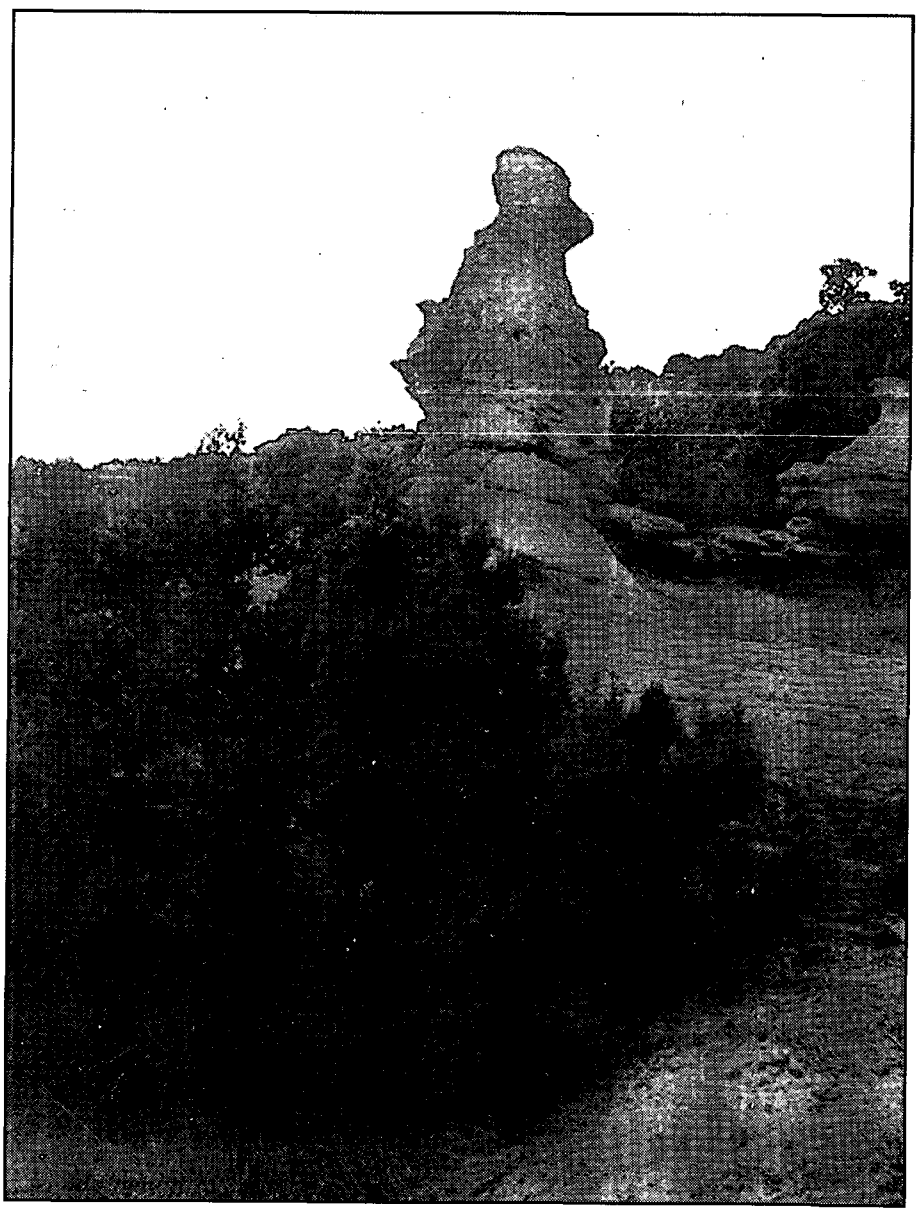
The Big Horners

By Jean A. Mathisen



Author's Collection

Area of the Big Horners campsite near the Popo Agie River.

Gold was a wild and shining dream that drew men to new lands and to their deaths in the settlements of the West. In the new territory of Wyoming in the spring of 1870, a group of dreamers had some pretentious and ambitious plans for finding gold in the largely unknown Big Horn Basin of the northern part of the territory.

During the winter of 1869-70, a group of men met at the McDaniels Theater in Cheyenne for the purpose of forming an expedition of sorts to travel northwest and find the gold that rumor said abounded in the hills and streams of the Big Horn. They christened themselves "The Big Horners" and were led by Judge William Kyukendall, with a Colonel Farrar as second in command. Luke Murrin, a well known local bar owner, was made superintendent of the group (it seemed there were more "chiefs than Indians" in this lot) and was sent out to organize and seek likely participants and investors in the venture. Murrin was an enthusiastic soul who, if he did not know all the facts, handily made them up along the way. He advised would-be investors in Chicago, Illinois, that gold and silver abounded in huge mother lodes across the length and breadth of the huge Basin. A man could be rich with a few handfuls of the rich ore, or so Murrin said. By the time the windy bartender

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arrived back in Cheyenne in March, 1870, stories were circulated in the newspapers that several thousand men were ready with funds to outfit themselves and hit the trail.

Army officials at Fort D.A. Russell, currently the Warren Air Force Base, near Cheyenne, were highly alarmed at the Big Horner's ambitions. They planned to travel right across the newly established Wind River Indian reservation, and could possibly cause conflict with the Shoshone Indians and the raiding Sioux and Cheyenne who ranged in the Big Horn and around the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. By terms of the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, the government had agreed to leave the area unsettled and open to the Shoshones for buffalo hunting and other rights.

The *Cheyenne Leader* was highly enthusiastic, however. On March 3, 1870, the *Leader* proclaimed, "The Indians must stand aside or be overwhelmed by the ever advancing and ever increasing tide of emigrants....

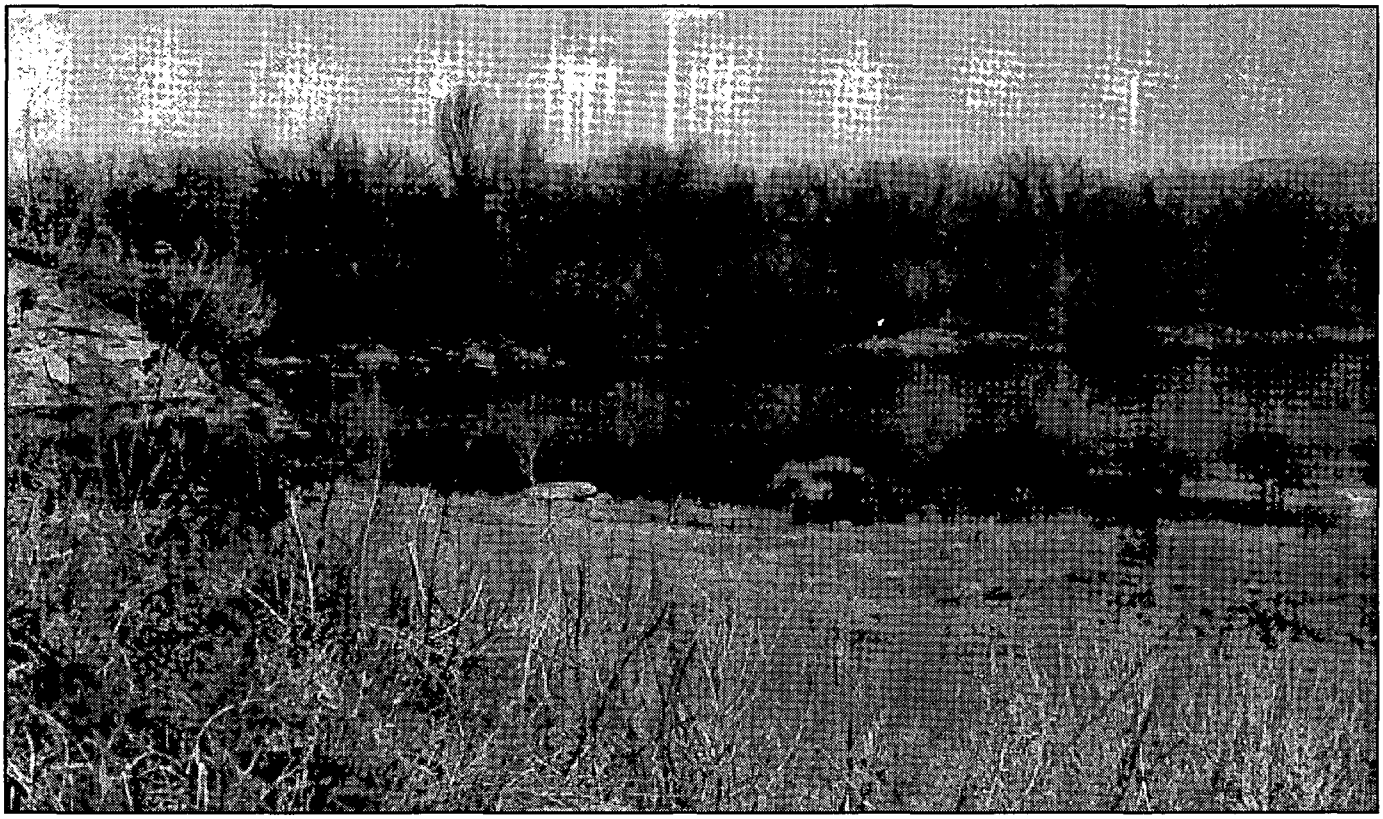
If the Indian treaties have gotten into such a tangled knot that they cannot be untied, the sword of the pioneer will sever them."

Territorial Governor J.A. Campbell traveled to Washington, DC, to obtain the approval of the government and to secure a military escort for the expedition. The group was planning to leave for the Big Horn country in April.

These wild ambitions were giving Fort D.A. Russell Post Commander, Colonel John King, an ulcer. He opposed the idea. President Ulysses Grant authorized the expedition to proceed from Cheyenne, with some conditions. The leadership was to agree not to trespass on the Shoshone Reservation, not to go north of the territorial boundary line with Montana or east of the Big Horn Mountains, and they must not expect military aid or protection for settlements they might establish. There had been recent Indian attacks to the north and stepped up raids along the Union Pacific line near Cheyenne.

The Big Horners agreed to the conditions and headed out with about 150 men and ten teams on May 20, 1870. They headed north and west to the mining camp of South Pass City and the adjacent post of Camp Brown in the Big Popo Agie Valley, the jumping off place and last point of civilization before reaching the Big Horn Basin. Near Camp Brown they would meet with a stark reminder of just what dangers could well come upon them.

Approximately half of the men remained at South Pass City, a small mining camp that had sprung up about three years previously on Willow Creek near the famous South Pass on the Oregon Trail. A member of the expedition who sent a letter to the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* on July 2, 1870, signed his letter with the initials D.F. and proceeded to inform the public of what they had found a few days previously. On the evening of June 22, the expedition had camped at the Eagle Ranch on the Little Popo Agie, approximately fifteen miles south of South Pass City. Three men from the mining camps, Harvey Morgan, Barr, and Jerome Mason, camped with



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The Greybull River, destination of the Big Horners.

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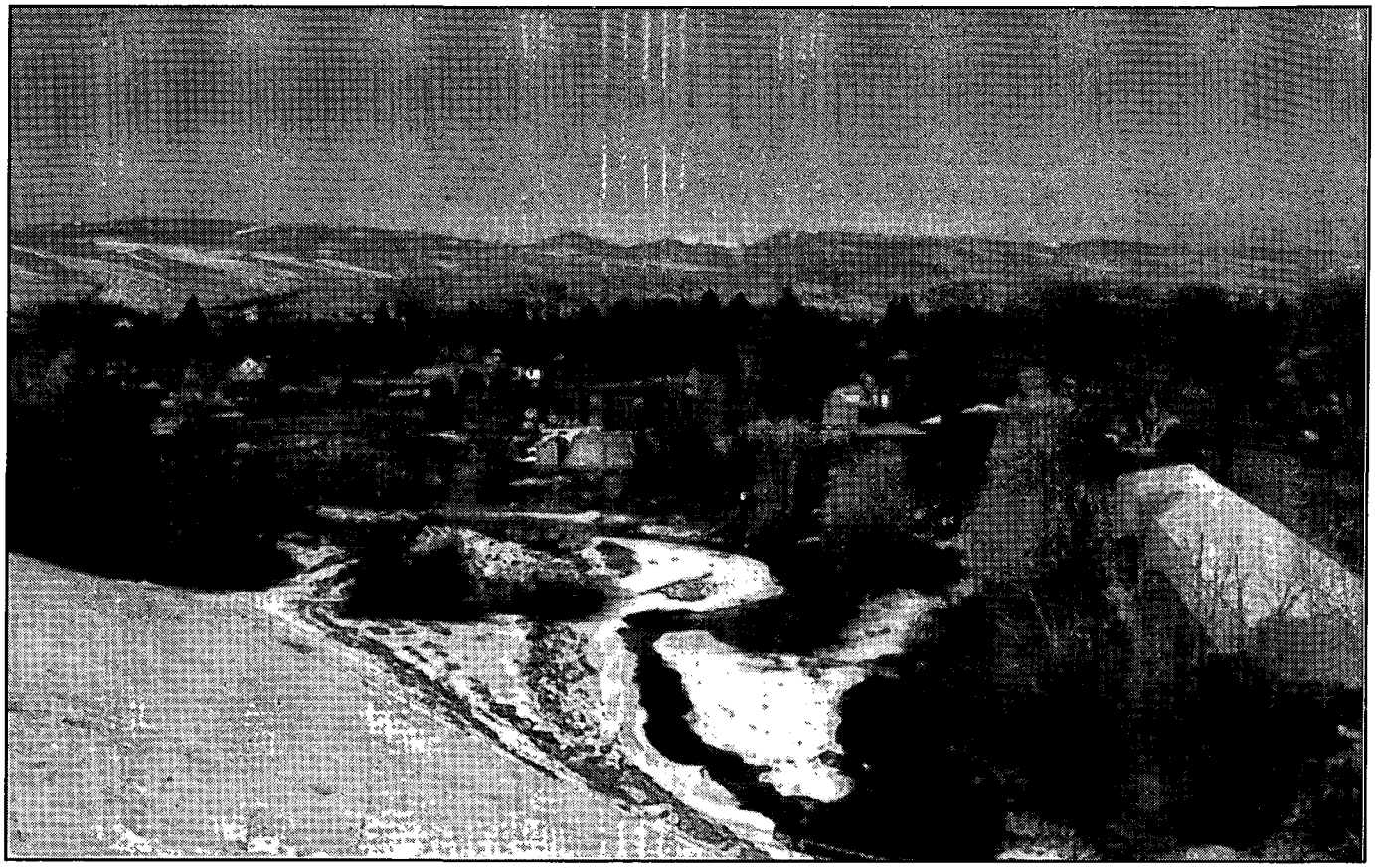

Author's Collection

Lander, Wyoming, and the Popo Agie River, once the site of Camp Brown.

them. Harvey Morgan, a strapping fellow of some twenty-five years of age, was doing some farming, and some courting of a widow, in the Popo Agie Valley. Barr and Mason had some interests in the Washakie hot springs some fifteen miles north of the Popo Agie Valley and were traveling with Morgan to investigate the springs and to do a little fishing. The Big Horners urged them to travel on with their group for safety purposes, but the three men felt there was little danger and headed on to the valley early in the morning. Unfortunately, they did not make it very far.

On the morning of June 23, 1870, a group of raiding Arapahoes attacked the men about eight miles from Camp Brown and a ferocious fight ensued, but Mason, Barr and Morgan were outnumbered and the outcome was inevitable. A few hours later the bodies were discovered by E.F. Cheney, Charles Oldham, and John Anthony. They reported the discovery to officials at Camp Brown, a very small post with only a detachment of eighty men. The Indians had scalped Mason and Morgan. They had cut the skin across the back of Morgan's neck, splitting down the entire length of his back, peeling the hide back about three inches, removing the sinews and also driving a wagon hammer through his skull. The bodies were moved by ambulance to Camp Brown and buried there in the post cemetery. In 1908 the bodies were found by crews digging a sewer line in the new town of Lander. Morgan's skull was identified from the wagon hammer still embedded in it; the skull is on exhibit at the Pioneer Museum in Lander.

"Yesterday we found their wagon about eight miles from here, uncoupled from the bed, fixed so as to form some defence [sic] to shoot from behind and shot full of bullet holes, blood all over the ground."

The Big Horners happened upon the site of the killings the following day and "E.F." went on to write: "Yesterday we found their wagon about eight miles from here, uncoupled from the bed, fixed so as to form some defence [sic] to shoot from behind and shot full of bullet holes, blood all over the ground; they were corralled in the road, human hair, blood all over the ground, cut and torn clothes, ruined provisions and every evidence of a horrible massacre, save the mutilated bodies. It was a horrid reminder to us; but what must the sight have been in all its unnatural

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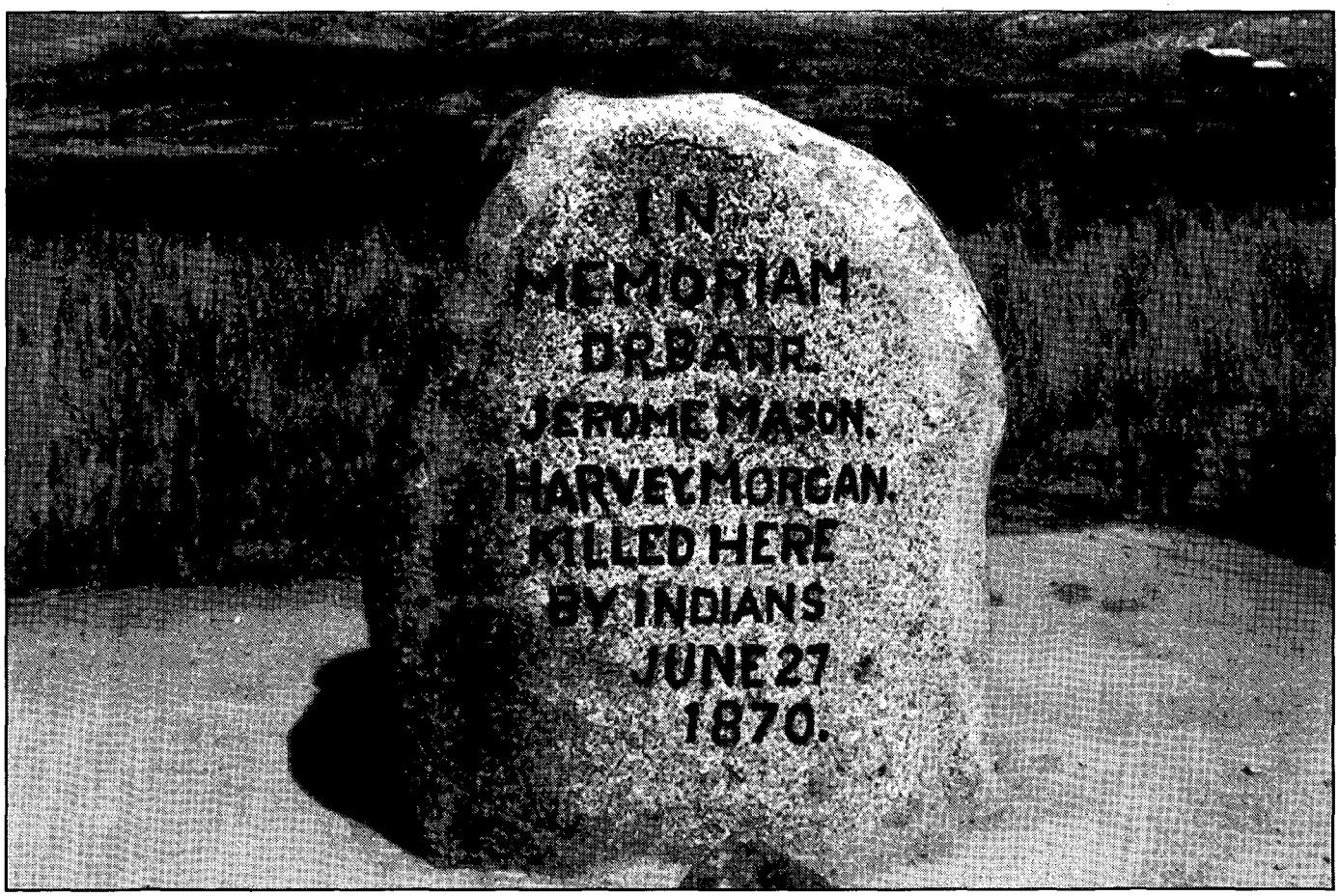
horror, on the night previous to the men, who riding through from South Pass to Camp Brown, came upon the scene when the blood was still yet fresh on the seams opened in the unfortunate mens' bodies with knifes and tomahawks...they tell us that not a vestige of recognizable features was left by which the most intimate friends could identify the bodies...this had a good effect upon our party, in making the boys stick close together. We may move tomorrow. Our guide seems to think we may go prospecting in eight or ten days. We find a good color in the river here, but none to pay as we look at it. It is a shame and a pity that this country is not opened for settlement."

The expedition moved on past Camp Brown, building rafts and crossing the Wind River, then crossing the Owl Creek Mountains, and into the Big Horn Basin proper, which was, against their agreement, directly across the Shoshone Reservation. Fortunately, the Shoshones in the mountains at the time and did not take strong offense at the group's actions. Troops were eventually sent from Camp Brown to put a stop to the Big Horner's dreams, but by that time, in mid to late July, the Big Horners had arrived on the Greybull River. They were busy sending out small groups to prospect, while some of the men built defensive fortifications in case of Indian attack.

Blatant dreams fell to dust, and not gold dust either. A few specks of the bright yellow stuff were found, but very few indeed. The farther they sought the less they found. Discouragement and disorganization set in. By the time troops from Camp Brown arrived in late July, most of the Big Horners were in wild disarray and most were set to head back for Cheyenne. No military action was found to be necessary. The lieutenant who headed up the troops, parleyed with the Big Horners for a day and then headed his men back to Camp Brown. The Big Horn Expedition was not far behind. The Big Horn Basin returned to quiet times with few interruptions, other than buffalo hunts by the Shoshones. The first cattle ranchers would venture into the Basin in 1878 and 1879, though settlers would not make many strong forays there until the late 1880s. To this day, gold and silver deposits profitable enough to be mined have never been found in Wyoming's Big Horn Basin. The Big Horners faded into history.



Author's Collection

Monument at Deadman's Gulch, six miles south of Lander, Wyoming. The site where Mason, Barr, and Morga were killed and mutilated by Indians.

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TRUE WEST LEGENDS:

BAT MASTERSON

November 26, 1853—Bartholomew Masterson is born in Henryville, Quebec, Canada, to parents Thomas and Catherine McGurk Masterson. The nickname "Bart" is corrupted to "Bat" in his early years. As a young man he will assume the name "William Barclay," and as William Barclay "Bat" Masterson he will be known throughout his adult life.

June 1871—The Masterson family settles in Sedgwick County, Kansas, after a journey across the United States with lengthy stops in New York, Illinois, and Missouri.

Fall, 1871—Bat and older brother Edward leave home to hunt buffalo in western Kansas.

Summer, 1872—The brothers contract to grade a section of land for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad near Dodge City, Kansas. When the subcontractor defaults without paying his employees, Bat locates him in a railroad car and collects his wages at gunpoint, thereby gaining the respect of the tough crowd at Dodge City.

June 27, 1874—Masterson is one of twenty-eight men and one woman who successfully withstand an attack by several hundred Indians led by Quanah Parker on Adobe Walls, a buffalo hunters' settlement in the Texas panhandle.

August 5-October 12, 1874—Masterson serves as a civilian scout under Lieutenant Frank D.Baldwin in General Nelson Miles' Red River campaign against the Indians.

January 24, 1876—At Sweetwater (now Mobeetie), Texas, Army Corporal Melvin A. King and Masterson, now employed as an army teamster, clash in a gunfight. King shoots and kills Bat's female companion, Mollie Brennan, and wounds Bat before receiving a fatal wound from Masterson's pistol.

Summer 1876—Bat and Wyatt Earp serve together on the police force at Dodge City during the cattle shipping season.

July 1877—Ford County Sheriff Charlie Bassett appoints Masterson undersheriff at Dodge City.

November 6, 1877—Masterson, not yet twenty-four years old, is elected sheriff of Ford County.

January 17, 1878—Three days after Bat is sworn in as sheriff, bandits attempt a train robbery in neighboring Edwards County. Within days Sheriff Masterson captures Dave Rudabaugh and Ed West, two of the gang, and several weeks later also captures gang members Tom Gott and J.D. Green.

April 9, 1878—In a gunbattle between officers and rambunctious cowboys outside a Dodge City saloon, City Marshal Ed Masterson is shot and killed and cowboys Alf Walker and Jack Wagner are wounded. Wagner dies the following day. Although contemporary newspapers do not mention involvement of Sheriff Bat Masterson in the affair, later accounts credit him with shooting the cowboys and in later years he twice testifies under oath that he avenged his brother's death by downing Walker and Wagner.

October 5, 1878—Sheriff Masterson heads a posse that includes Wyatt Earp, Charlie Bassett, Bill Duffy, and Bill Tilghman in pursuit of Jim Kenedy, errant son of wealthy Texas cattleman Mifflin Kenedy. Young Kenedy, in an attempt to assassinate Dodge City Mayor Jim Kelley, has murdered Dora Hand, a popular vaudeville performer. He is brought down by a bullet from Masterson's rifle and captured.

March 21, 1879—Masterson leads an army of mercenary gunmen to Colorado in support of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad in its fight with the Denver & Rio Grande for the right of way through the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas River. In the next few months he heads other war expeditions into Colorado. Despite several tense confrontations, the Royal Gorge War is settled without loss of life.

November 4, 1879—Masterson is defeated in a bid for a second term as sheriff.

June 22, 1880—Bat Masterson is enumerated in the

BY R. K. DEARMENT

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census at Dodge City. He has now returned to professional gambling as a full-time occupation but is listed as a "laborer," living with Annie Ladue, a nineteen-year-old "concubine."

July 1880—At the request of Ben Thompson, noted Texas gambler and gunfighter, Masterson goes to Ogallala, Nebraska, to rescue Ben's brother, Bill, wounded, under arrest, and threatened with lynching after a gun battle. Bat spirits Bill Thompson out from under the nose of his guard, and with the help of Buffalo Bill Cody, conveys him safely to Dodge City.

February 8, 1881—Bat leaves Dodge City, bound for Tombstone, Arizona, and a reunion with his close friend, Wyatt Earp. There, he takes a job as dealer in the Oriental Saloon.

March 15, 1881—Road agents attempt a holdup of a bullion-laden stagecoach out of Tombstone and the driver and a passenger are killed. Masterson joins Wyatt, Morgan, and Virgil Earp on a posse to pursue the highwaymen.

April 16, 1881—Bat arrives back in Dodge City to assist his younger brother, Jim, who is in the middle of a serious, potentially violent dispute with A.J. Peacock, a business associate. Stepping from the train, Masterson immediately is confronted by Peacock and his brother-in-law, Al Updegraff. A gunbattle erupts and Updegraff receives a severe but nonfatal wound. Bat is fined eight dollars for the felonious discharge of a pistol within city limits and ordered out of Dodge City.

April 17, 1882—Masterson is appointed city marshal of Trinidad, Colorado.

May 15, 1882—John H. "Doc" Holliday, who, together with Wyatt Earp and others, has fled Arizona, is arrested in Denver and held awaiting extradition papers to return him to face charges of murder. Bat argues Doc's case in the newspapers and visits the Colorado governor on his behalf. He finally trumps up a bogus bunko charge to provide an excuse for Governor Frederick Pitkin to deny Doc's extradition.

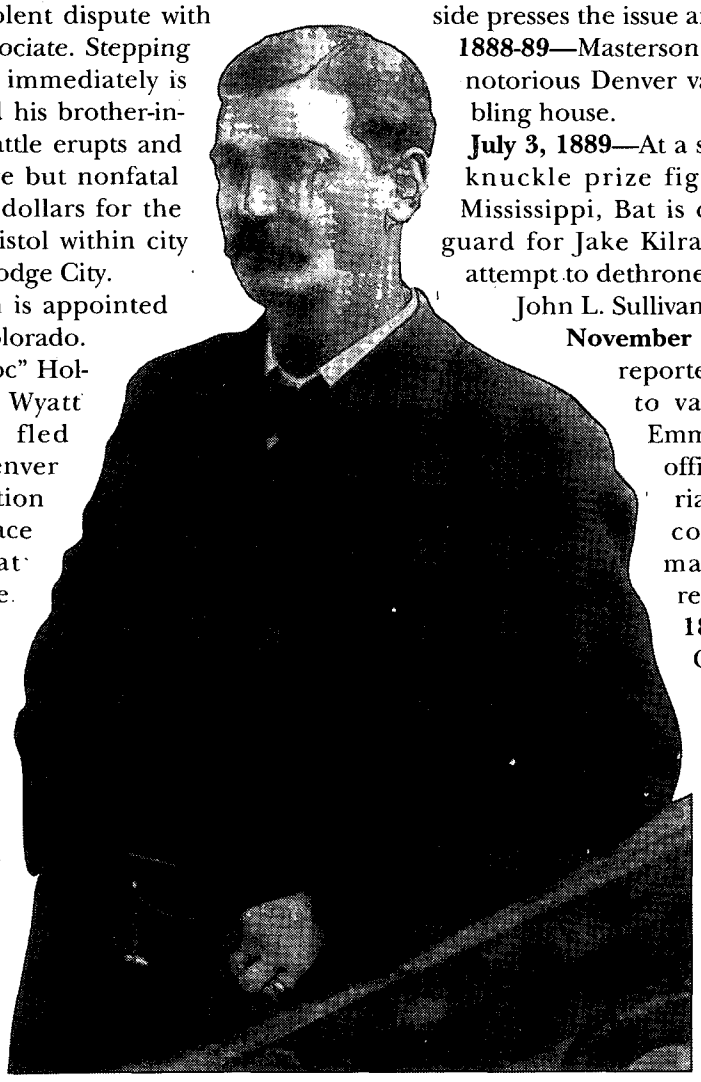
April 3, 1883—Lou Kreeger soundly defeats Masterson in an election for city marshal of Trinidad.

June 3, 1883—Masterson arrives back in Dodge City with Luke Short, Wyatt Earp, and other gunmen who have come to safeguard Short's business interests after the little gambler is run out of town by competitors. Hostilities are threatened, but establishment of the so-called Dodge City Peace Commission, that includes Masterson, Short, Earp, and Charlie Bassett, calms the situation.

November 1, 1884—In Dodge City Bat publishes a newspaper called *Vox Populi* which is simply a diatribe against his political enemies. It lasts only one issue but does demonstrate Masterson's journalistic talent.

July 4, 1885—Bat is voted the most popular man in Dodge City and is presented with a gold-headed cane.

September 18, 1886—Masterson and Lou Spencer, a vaudeville comedian, tangle in Denver, Colorado's, California Hall where Spencer is performing. The trouble is over Nellie McMahon, a variety hall singer who is married to Spencer. Bat beats Spencer over the head and, after Nellie brings divorce proceedings against her husband, leaves town with her. Masterson's return a few days later results in another fight, this time with a friend of Spencer's named Bagsby, during which Bat is shot in the leg. Neither side presses the issue and no charges are filed.



1888-89—Masterson manages the Palace, a notorious Denver variety theater and gambling house.

July 3, 1889—At a seventy-five-round, bare-knuckle prize fight held at Richburg, Mississippi, Bat is corner man and bodyguard for Jake Kilrain in his unsuccessful attempt to dethrone heavyweight champion John L. Sullivan.

November 21, 1891—Masterson is reportedly married in Denver to variety hall performer Emma Walters, although no official record of the marriage can be found. The couple live together as man and wife for the remainder of Bat's life.

1892—Bat is at Creede, Colorado, a new mining camp, where he manages the gambling at the Denver Exchange and is credited with keeping a lid on violence.

February 21, 1896—Bat guards the stakes for a heavyweight title boxing match held near Judge Roy Bean's Jersey Lily Saloon in

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TRUE WEST LEGENDS:

BAT MASTERSON

Langtry, Texas. Champion Bob Fitzsimmons knocks out Peter Maher in the first round.

April 6, 1897—While acting as a deputy sheriff of Arapahoe County, Colorado, Masterson is involved in an altercation at a polling place in which he shoots a man named Louderbaigh in the hand.

April 18, 1899—Bat establishes the Olympic Athletic Club in Denver and promotes and refereees prizefights. Otto Floto, sports editor of the *Denver Post* and fight promotion competitor, becomes his bitter enemy.

July 22, 1899-September 8, 1900—Bat writes boxing news for *George's Weekly*, a Denver newspaper.

July 30, 1900—Floto and Masterson engage in a wild tussle on a Denver street, and owners of the *Denver Post* reportedly employ Jim "Whispering" Smith, a notorious gunfighter, to run Bat out of town. Masterson leaves but returns later.

May 5, 1902—Challenged by a woman brandishing an umbrella when he tries to vote, Bat goes on a rampage. "Three-Fingered" Jim Marshall, a Cripple Creek peace officer and a friend of Bat's, is called upon to convince him to leave Denver for good. Without further incident Masterson quits Denver, never to return.

June 5,1902—Arriving in New York City, Masterson is promptly arrested on suspicion of running a brace gambling game, but charges are quickly dropped.

Late 1903—Masterson begins writing a boxing column for the New York *Morning Telegraph* that continues over the next years. He becomes recognized as one of the nation's foremost authorities on pugilism.

February 1, 1905—President Theodore Roosevelt arranges for Bat's appointment as deputy United States marshal for the Southern District of New York. The job does not interfere with his newspaper work.

August 1,1909—Masterson is dismissed as a deputy United States marshal after Roosevelt leaves the White House.

October 25, 1921—Bat Masterson dies at his desk after composing his last column. He is buried on October 27, 1921, at Woodlawn Cemetery, New York City.

What to read:

Bat Masterson: The Man and the Legend, by Robert K. DeArment.
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1979.
Bat Masterson, by Richard O'Connor.
Doubleday & Co., New York, 1957.
Masterson and Roosevelt, by Jack DeMattos.
Creative Publishing Co., College Station, Texas, 1984.
Famous Gun Fighters of the Western Frontier, by W. B. ("Bat") Masterson. Edited by Jack DeMattos.
Weatherford Press, Monroe, Washington, 1982.

Where to go:

Dodge City, Kansas, was home base of Bat Masterson for fifteen years, 1872-1887, despite his frequent excursions to other frontier hot spots. It was in this famous Western town that his fame as a peace officer and gunfighter became established. Dodge City today celebrates its notoriety as the wildest cattle town in the West. Its most famous former residents, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp, are honored throughout the town.

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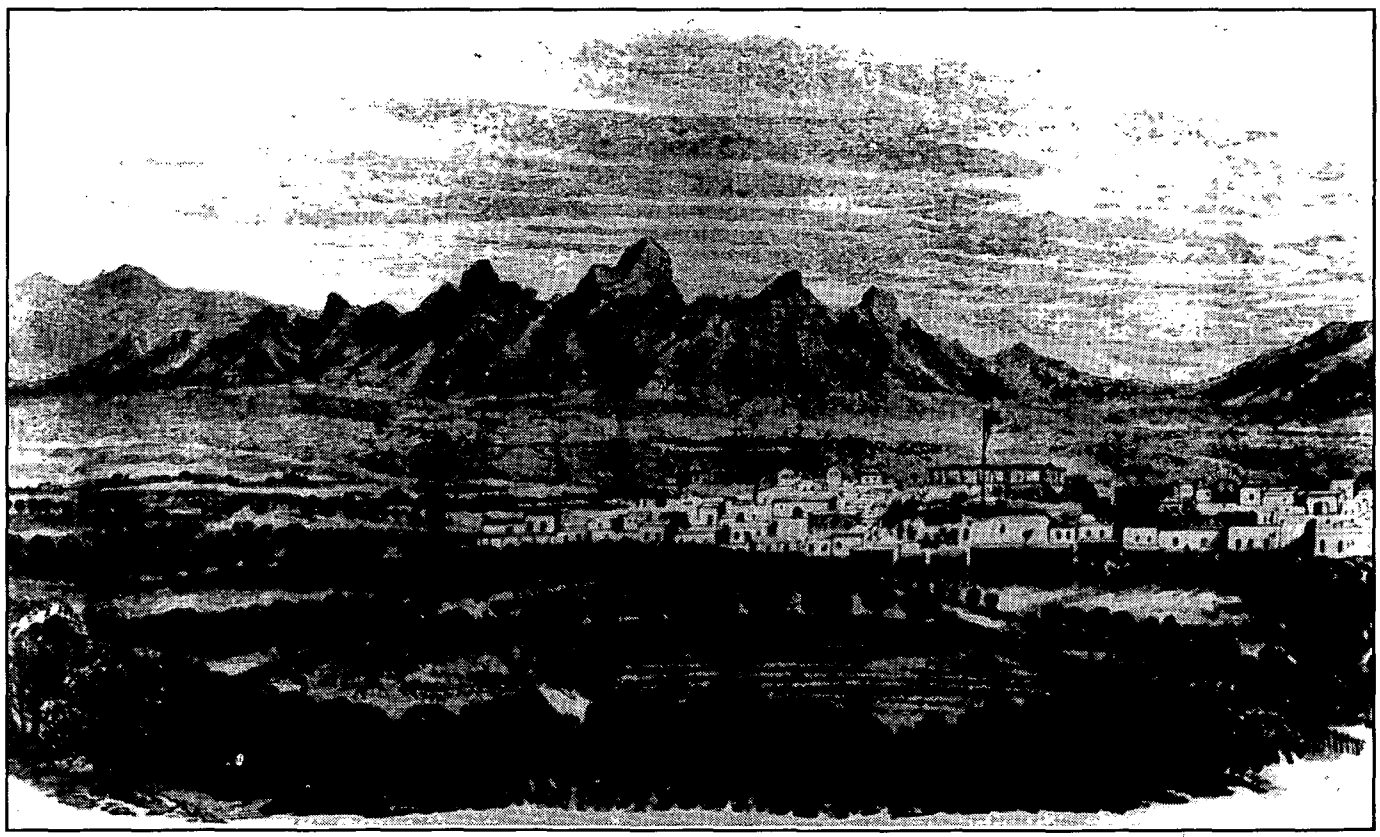
STANWIX:
THE CONFEDERACY'S WESTERNMOST REACH
By Robin Pennock

War and military actions have often come to the Arizona desert southwest of Phoenix. Traveling along I-8 east of Yuma, motorists see fighter planes chase, dip, and soar in the crystal blue sky of the Barry M. Goldwater Air Force Range that borders the freeway to the south. Supersonic booms pass over land which saw the massacre of the Oatman family, and the capture of the two Oatman daughters by Tonto or Yavapai Apache Indians in 1851. North of the interstate, ten miles along a deserted two-lane road, stand two small pillars, the entrance to Camp Hyder, the World War II testing ground for General George Patton's troops.

At the base of bluffs where the Gila River used to flow, its course since changed by the forces that formed the desert, lies the site of the westernmost armed encounter of the Civil War. Stanwix Station, one of the water and hay stations of the famed Butterfield Overland Stage Line, saw the clash of Union and Confederate troops on March 29, 1862. Although the encounter is classed as Civil War history, it bears more of the traits of the West. This was not a smooth military maneuver, but rather a chance meeting that has more in common with bushwhacking than with bayonets. At the little Butterfield Overland stage station, the Confederacy pushed to within fifty miles of the Colorado River, stopped, stood, fired, then retreated back toward Tucson, Arizona, its highwater mark reached in the arid countryside.

The Confederacy, as it organized and stretched itself in the early months of 1861, had looked to the West. The territories of New Mexico and Arizona lay between Confederate Texas and the state of California, famous for its riches. Certainly, this land was worth the South's trouble to sortie into this area, in the hope that the Union would not be able to keep its grip on these distant lands. Southerners had contributed many of the new citizens of this harsh area, and Southern sentiment fueled hopes that the Confederacy would push



Arizona Historical Society

Tucson, Arizona, circa 1860

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into the southwest. Although Civil War events were somewhat followed in the desert, the Indian threat was of more immediate concern. As Union troops were pulled from the skeletal chain of frontier forts, Indians, especially Apaches, became bolder in their thrusts at isolated ranches. If the Confederacy could advance a body of men into this area, it could win a large and valuable section of the country, almost by default.

The overall Confederate movement to the west has been chronicled elsewhere. Beginning in Texas, the Southern army pushed to the west, trekking through New Mexico and on into Arizona. An advance arm, led by Captain Sherod Hunter of Company A, Arizona Rangers, Provisional Army of the Confederate States of America, on orders from General Henry Hopkins Sibley in Mesilla, entered Tucson on February 28, 1862.

Tucson was already fomenting secessionist spirit. As early as one year before, in March 1861, sixty-eight Tucsonians had gathered to declare their allegiance to the Southern cause. Since the total population of Tucson, men, women, children, Anglo, and Hispanic, stood at less than 700 at the start of the war, sixty-eight men represented a sizable and influential minority. Granville Oury was elected delegate to the Confederate congress. He was never seated, but John W. Baylor had announced New Mexico and Arizona to be Southern territories. Into this mix some eleven months later rode Hunter and his soldiers.

Of course, the main concern of the local citizenry was not Yankees, but Apaches. Cochise to be specific. Where Cochise did not go, Mexican bandits did, and life along the border became precarious. It was one thing to have the despised Yankees leave, but empty forts, no matter how sparsely they had been strung, only encouraged marauders to strike the widespread rancheros. Emissaries were sent to the Confederates; troops were desperately needed. Less than two months after Hunter's arrival in Tucson, however, the largest battle of the war to date would occur at Shiloh, in southern Tennessee. Certainly a struggle of that scope left few Confederate troops available to patrol the vastness of the American Southwest.

Thus, the Tucsonians were lucky to have Captain Hunter and his band of 100 men. Hunter had been accompanied by Colonel James Reily, a Texan who was under orders to travel from Tucson south with twenty soldiers, into Sonora. In that Mexican state he was to convince the governor to support the Southern cause and thus gain another ally for the Confederates. Reily and his men camped just east of Tucson on February 28, as Hunter entered the little pueblo. The next day, Reily came into town to preside over the raising of the Confederate flag, just prior to his departure on his mission into Mexico.

This left Captain Hunter in charge of southern Arizona. Among his first moves was to insist that Americans in Arizona take an oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. This was not a problem for many Americans in Tucson, but several refused to oblige Captain Hunter and were banished for their steadfastness to the Union cause.

From Tucson, Captain Hunter looked west. There were no Yankee troops present between Tucson and Fort Yuma on the Colorado River, at the Arizona-California border. Hunter feared a Union sortie into Arizona and strove to take the initiative. His fears were well founded. California had remained in the Union camp, such southern-sympathizing officers as had been stationed in the new state having departed for the Confederacy after the news of Fort Sumter in April 1861. Colonel James Carleton of the "California Column," whose troops numbered 2,350 volunteers, lay waiting at Fort Yuma. Carleton, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, planned his campaign well, amassing his troops and sufficient supplies at Yuma during late 1861 and early 1862. He had information regarding Hunter's Arizona activities, and Carleton was not about to let the active Captain Hunter escape unscathed.

As Hunter, in the early part of March 1862 pushed to the west along the Gila River Trail, Carleton's men made their first forays to the east. The first direct contact came at the Pima Villages, whose geography made them a natural crossroads. Here, eighty-seven miles northwest of Tucson, stores had been stockpiled by an ambitious Yankee trader named Ammi White.

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Tucson, Arizona, as it looked when Sherrod Hunter and his Confederates inhabited the region.

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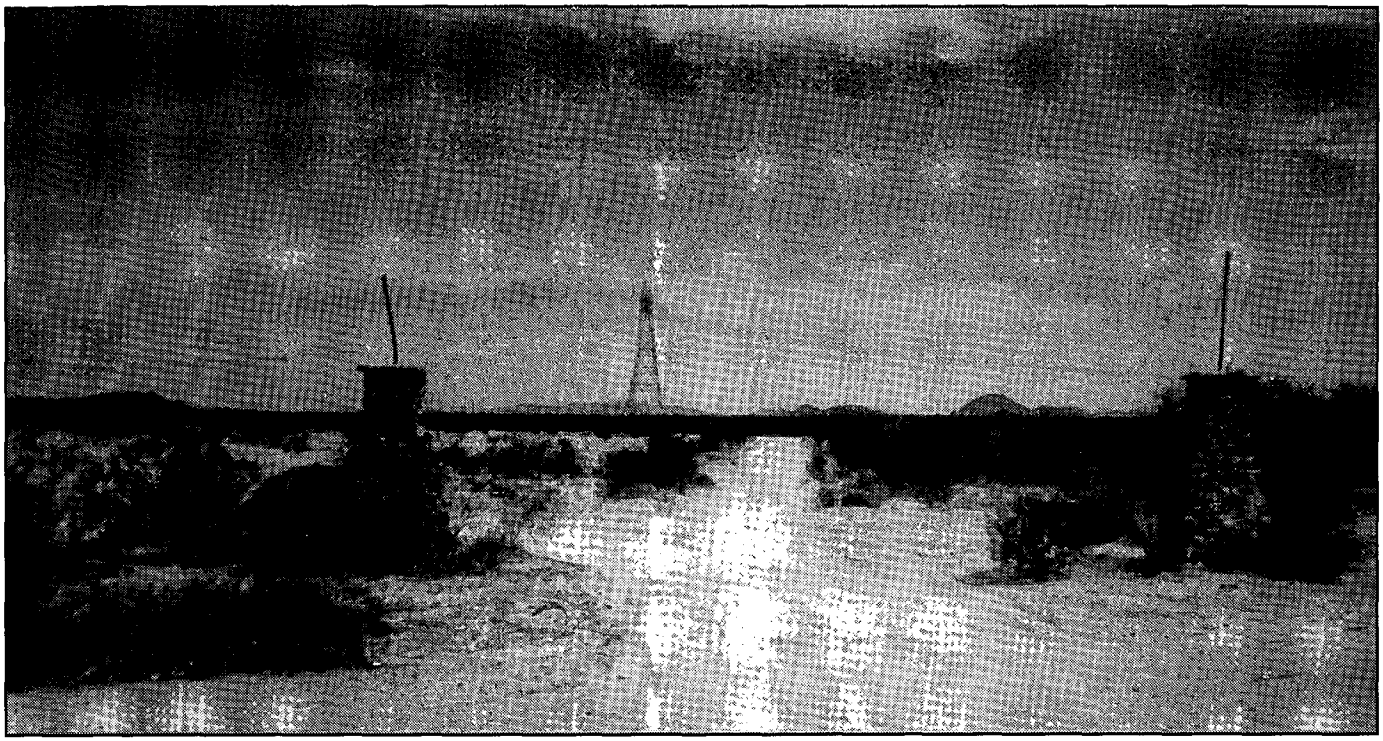

D.O. Pennock Photo

The entrance to Camp Hyder as it looks today.

His mill was especially prized; the Pimas had recently sold him wheat which he ground into 1,500 bushels of flour. Hunter knew this, just as he also knew that the hay which the Pimas grew along the river represented important forage for his men's horses as they would travel across the barren lands of southern Arizona.

Carleton dispatched his close friend, Captain William McCleave of Company A, First Cavalry, California Volunteers, to head toward the Pima Villages from Yuma with eight men. McCleave's route took him along the north bank of the Gila River, passing from station to station on the old Butterfield Stage Line. McCleave left six men at The Tanks, the last stage stop west of the Pima Villages and, suspecting nothing amiss, traveled on to the Pima Villages. Here McCleave rode directly up to White's house and knocked on the door. Introducing himself to the house's occupant, McCleave chatted a bit, exchanging pleasantries and information, until he discovered to his amazement that he was not talking to Ammi White, who had been taken into custody by Hunter, but to Hunter himself. A surprised McCleave found himself to be a prisoner of the Confederate States of America, whose enterprising Captain Hunter went on to capture the two men accompanying McCleave and the six troops left back at the Tanks. The first Union foray into Confederate-held Arizona had not been successful. Hunter capped off the day by redistributing the 1,500 bushels of wheat back to the delighted Pima Indians, who had sold the wheat to Ammi White in the first place.

Realizing that forage for horses was a key to the control of the desert, Hunter sent men down the Gila toward Fort Yuma with orders to destroy hay which was stockpiled at the Butterfield stops along the way. They burned hay at the next six stops with no problem, but at the seventh, Stanwix Station, located at some bluffs on the south side of the Gila River, trouble awaited them.

Stanwix Station was eighty miles from Fort Yuma. An eastbound traveler, William Tallack, had recorded a glimpse of life at the desolate stage stop in 1860. "Breakfasted on venison at three AM at Stanwick's ranche on the Gila and, by special favor of the conductor had time for a plunge in the stream. On starting we noticed hereabouts the marks of several recent Indian campfires. A month subsequent to our visit here, two overland passengers, wishing to bathe in the Gila, and not having any extra time allowed for the stage to stop, borrowed horses from the ranche, had their bath, and rode after the others, overtaking them at the next station. But on the way they were assaulted by five Indians armed with bows and arrows. In self-defense, they killed three of the Indians, and so escaped to their fellow-travelers and the stage...."

Carleton, beginning his probe into Arizona and seeking the release of McCleave and his men, had advanced the command of Captain William P. Calloway, numbering 272 men and two howitzers, eastward. At Stanwix Station, two Union soldiers, traveling in advance of Calloway's force, came upon a group of Hunter's Texans burning hay. Shots were fired near the windmill-powered well, and Private William Semmilrogge, Company A, First Regiment of Cavalry, was hit in the shoulder. Semmilrogge, of Sacramento, would survive his wounds. The shots drew the attention of

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D.O. Pennock Photo

All that remains of Stanwix Station today.

Calloway's men, who rushed to the scene. Captain Nathaniel J. Pishon's cavalry was sent in pursuit, but it could not overtake the Texans. The second encounter between Confederates and Union men in Arizona also ended with a decided Confederate advantage.

In the coming days, Carleton would push his men east. Hunter, back in Tucson, realized the threat and sent a group of Confederates out to meet the Yankees. At Picacho Pass, some forty miles from Tucson, Confederate and Union soldiers once again skirmished on April 15. Three Union men were killed. Confederate losses were three captured and two wounded. The final armed encounter between the sides ended with another Confederate triumph.

But just as the war itself would represent a string of Confederate victories topped by a final defeat, so went the conflict in Arizona. Shortly after Picacho, Hunter learned that Confederate troops had suffered a reversal after winning a battle at Glorieta Pass near Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory. Again, Southerners won the battle but lost the campaign, for the force, in winning the battle, lost its supply train and a retreat was forced upon them. Hunter realized that he was the lone outpost of the Confederacy in Arizona, with no backing behind him to give strength to his position. In May 1862, Captain Sherod Hunter abandoned Tucson and retreated to the east. The dream of a Confederate southwest was left behind.

Carleton's troops entered Tucson soon after Hunter's departure and established headquarters at Camp Tucson. This camp stayed in Tucson until 1873 when the post was moved nine miles northeast toward the foot of the Catalina Mountains where it became Fort Lowell.

The hope of a Confederate southwest had hardly ever been anything other than a dream that the wealth and vastness of the southwestern lands would provide sustenance to the Confederate cause. Even under the skilled leadership of Sherod Hunter, however, the forces in Arizona were too diluted to make a difference in the outcome of the war. The marks the Civil War left on Arizona are mostly of the "trivial pursuit" kind. While Stanwix Station was no Shiloh, the stakes were higher than the small forces of men who fought in Arizona would indicate. For the land *was* rich, and the state would later become famed for its mining and ranching. The year 1862, however, marked no watershed in the Civil War, and the few shots fired at Stanwix Station did not turn the tide. Over two thousand miles lie between Stanwix Station and Gettysburg, between Picacho Pass and Fredericksburg. The fight for Arizona truly made the American Civil War a war of continental proportions.

Nothing remains of Stanwix Station today. The Gila River has swung to the north so the little stage stop at the foot of the bluffs along the river's south side would be high and dry today. Stanwix Station lies beneath a farmer's field.

"All that remains of Stanwix today is the rock foundation partially covered with melted down adobe," writes Dan Talbot in *A Historical Guide to the Mormon Battalion and Butterfield Trail.* A visitor can stand on the roadside and look out toward Stanwix, however, and see in the mind's eye the farthest clash of blue and gray.

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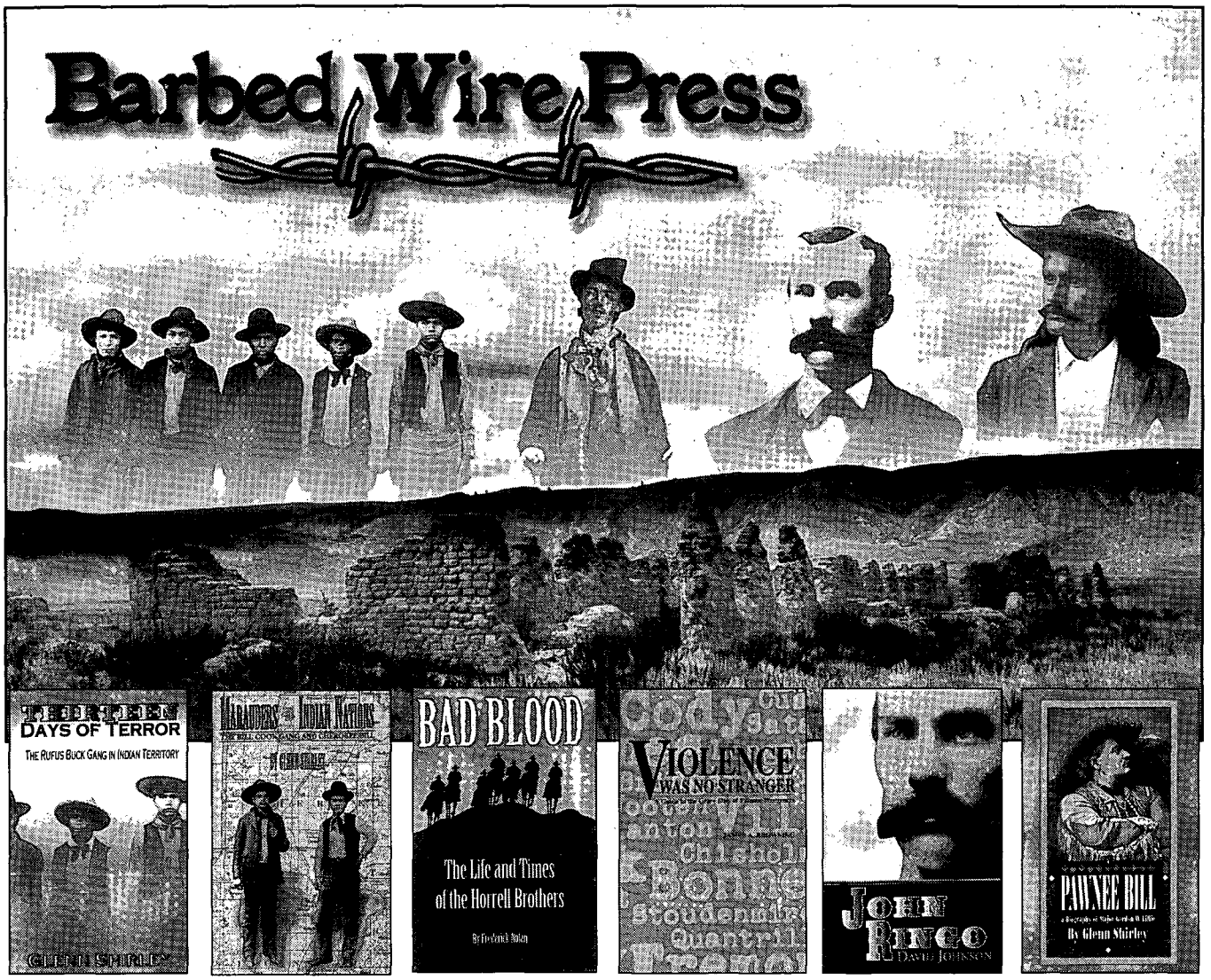

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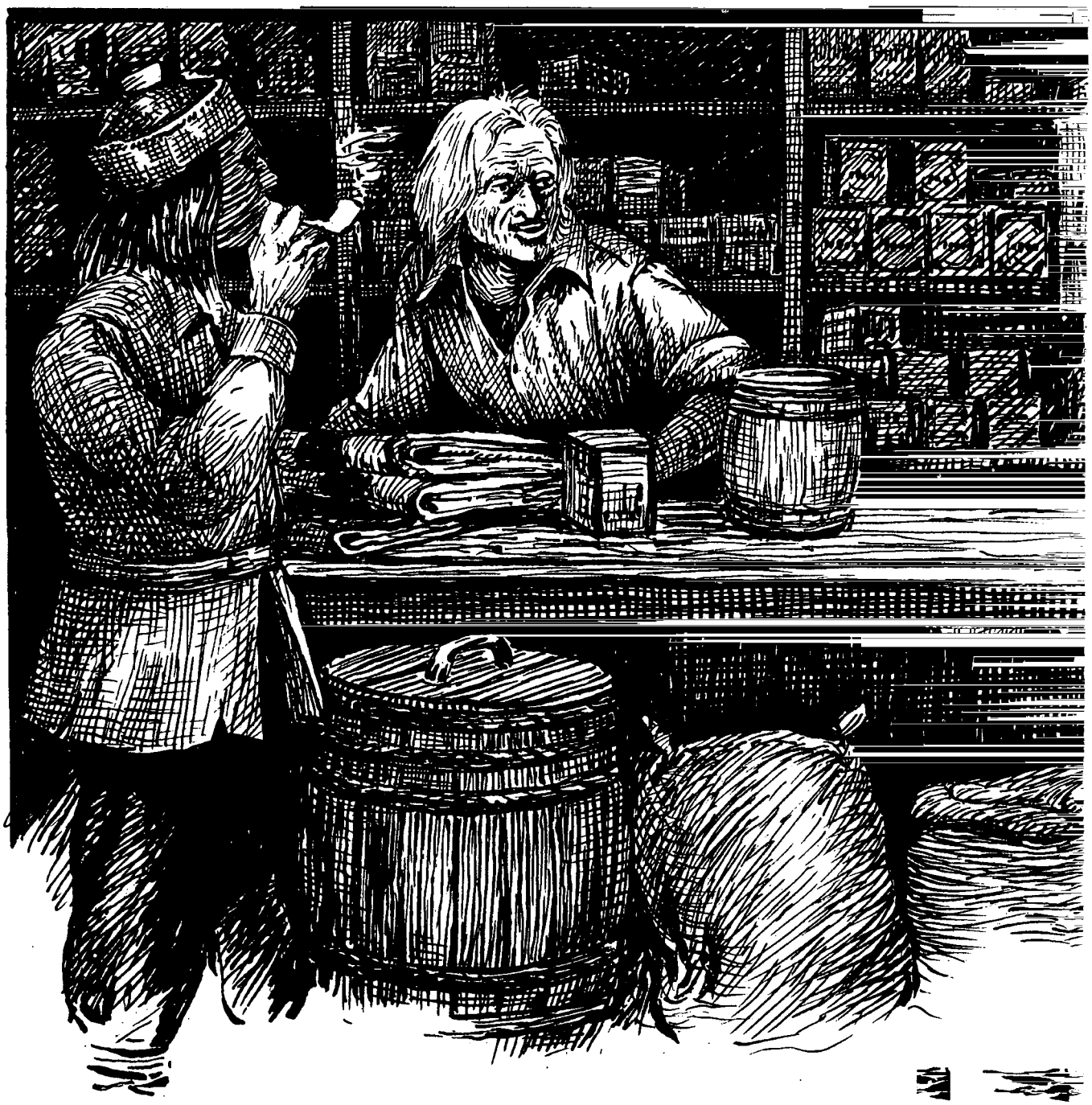
KLAHOWYA,

How 500 Words United



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SIKHS! the Northwest

Back in the days when the Northwest was a babel of different languages and a traveler's well-being depended on the hospitality of strangers, a hearty "Klahowya!" could open doors throughout the region. From northern California to southeast Alaska, from the Pacific Coast east to the Rockies, the Chinook Jargon bridged the gap between many cultures that would otherwise have remained isolated from one another. Though virtually extinct today, vestiges of this fascinating, hard-working trade language can still be found in distinctive Northwest place names and regional expressions.

Contrary to popular belief, the Chinook Jargon was not invented to facilitate communication between Natives and whites. In reality, this purely Native innovation was a byproduct of the lucrative intertribal slave trade. Words from the buyers' Nootkan languages, the sellers' Chinookan languages, and the Salishan languages of the merchandise combined to form a crude trade lingo. Historians place the first appearance of Jargon in or near the 1730s, well before white contact, and explorer John Meares reported hearing Natives use it during a 1788 expedition up the coast. In 1803, shipwrecked sailor John Jewitt found spoken Nootka a crude idiom that he learned readily. He also believed his captors maintained a completely different and much more complex tongue just for singing. The "Nootka" words listed in Jewitt's memoirs are in fact prewhite Jargon; we can assume the singing tongue was genuine Nootka.

With the 1807 arrival of the great fur companies, Jargon began to

By
Robert K. Henderson

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Illustrations by Al Martin Napoletano

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absorb a wealth of exotic influences. Company trappers were a cosmopolitan lot, and eventually words from the tribal tongues of the Eastern Woodlands and Great Plains, as well as English, Canadian French and even Hawaiian, would enter the Esperanto of the Northwest. As they opened new markets, the intrepid mountain men carried Jargon farther afield. Soon nearly everyone in the region spoke at least a bit of it; whites even used it to communicate with other whites where they had no other common language.

The backwoodsman equates his knife with survival; it's the one indispensable tool he carries. Therefore, the speaker's "opitsah sikhs," or knife friend, is that person he can't live without.

The confusing term "Chinook Jargon" is apparently rooted in the fact that the Chinook-speaking tribes of the Columbia were the first Natives in the region to carry out large-scale trade with the newcomers. They haggled with the outlanders in Jargon, of course, because it could be learned very quickly. The old settlers' habit of referring to Jargon simply as "Chinook" only compounds the confusion, since a family of bona fide tribal tongues goes by this name as well. Jargon, however, is not a true language. Its extremely rudimentary grammar and base vocabulary of only about 500 words limit communication to broad, concrete exchanges. In practice, sign language and vocal intonation were used to convey subtleties. "Sai-ah," for example, means far; when the speaker dragged it out, as in "saiii-aaah," he meant "very far." Exactly how far was in direct proportion to the length of the word. This was acceptably precise for trade purposes, but where details were essential, Jargon proved chronically insufficient. In his famous 1974 ruling guaranteeing half of the Northwest salmon harvest to tribal fishermen, United States District Court Judge George Boldt reasoned that the terms of fishing treaties drawn up in the last century could not have been clear to the Natives who signed them, given that they were negotiated in Jargon.

In another sense, Jargon could be highly expressive. Saddled with a restrictive vocabulary, Jargon speakers often relied on poetic license to convey meaning. Thus, electricity might be "kwass saghalie piah kopa lope," or tame sky-fire (lightning) in a rope. This is a compound meta-

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phor. "Kwass" means fear; a tame horse may be said to fear its rider. "Saghalie" means up, or above. "Piah" is the English word for fire, as pronounced by peoples whose own languages had neither "f" nor "r." As the sole Jargon preposition, "kopa" might mean in, at, by, near, of, with, from, or on. And "lope" is another English contribution. The resulting phrase is more a stream of consciousness than a literal definition. Since many Jargon words stand for general concepts rather than specific ideas, Jargon speakers had to learn a whole new way of thinking.

Still more intriguing are the cultural insights that Jargon has preserved. To avoid sentence-long utterances like the one above, Jargon speakers sometimes fell back on knowledge they held in common. A touching example is the Jargon endearment "opitsah sikhs." "Opitsah" means knife, "sikhs" is friend. The backwoodsman equates his knife with survival; it's the one indispensable tool he carries. Therefore, the speaker's "opitsah sikhs," or knife friend, is that person he can't live without. It could designate a partner, best friend, or even lover. As is frequently the case in Jargon, the flow of images, more than the definition of words, gets the point across.

Another interesting Jargon artifact is "pelton," or crazy. Alexander Pelton was a white trader who went insane after witnessing the massacre of his party by the Blackfeet. A sympathetic Snake River tribe took him in tow until a band of traders from John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company happened by. Astor's men escorted the traumatized Pelton to Fort George, at mouth of the Columbia. Poor Pelton never recovered his senses, and lived at the fort as a sort of village fool until his murder some years later at the hands of two local warriors. The Natives reserved a wary respect for the mentally deranged, and their Jargon made "pelton" literally a household word throughout the region. Few indeed are so widely memorialized.

Jargon pronunciation varied widely from region to region and era to era. The Jargon I spoke with my grandfather was a late-era version that resembled spoken English, but a 1936 paper by linguist Melville Jacobs tells a much different story. Jacobs traveled the Northwest, listening to elderly Natives recite tales in Jargon and transcribing them in the Americanist phonetic alphabet. The speech thus recorded is very Native-sounding, and includes half a dozen gutturals completely absent from my grandfather's Jargon. "Tillicum," meaning people, village, tribe, nation, etc., is pronounced "dilkhum" by Jacobs' Clackamas Upper Chinook informant. The "kh" stands for a guttural, a rasping consonant; something like the noise a person makes before spitting. Although Northwest tribal languages are rich in gutturals, my grandfather's Jargon retained only one. Words in which it occurred were spelled with "kh" or "gh", such as "saghalie" and "sikhs." Toward the end of Jargon's reign, even this was dropped; late vocabularies list these words as "sockalee" and "six."

Jacob's collection also documents a variety of Jargon accents and dialects. His informants spoke Jargon largely as if they were speaking their own language. As a result, speakers of dissimilar tribal languages spoke distinctive styles of Jargon. This would account for my grandfather's English sounding Jargon, but it must have posed problems when people from distant areas met. Regionalisms appear in the Jacobs paper also, as do differences in sentence structure.

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As English became predominant in the Northwest, Jargon became heavily anglicized. Plurals, for example, were originally absent from Jargon. One horse was "ikt kuitan," two horses, "moxt kuitan." But Jargon's final years saw the emergence of English-style plurals ending in "s", such as "moxt kuitans." At the same time, uniquely Native grammar began to fall away. In the query, "maika na sick?" (are you sick?), the "na" is a verbal question mark. By the turn of the century, this "na" had become rare, and a rising voice signaled a question, as it does in English.

Jargon ultimately followed the last generation of non-English-speaking Natives into history, taking with it much of the essence of the old frontier. Written Jargon was never common, because speakers needed eye contact to communicate effectively, and many Jargon speakers were illiterate. The few examples of written Jargon in period publications are often found in advertisements. In 1889, for example, Vancouver, British Columbia's, W.H. Malkin Wholesale Grocers reminded customers that "kanaway tillicum tikke kloosh muk-a-muk" (all people like good food), and assured them "kanaway nesika iktas wake hyas makook" (all our things not much cost). The Jargon titles were only a comic attention-getter.

For Jargon research, scholars rely on a number of dictionaries and vocabularies published between the late eighteenthth century and the 1930s. Portlander John Gill's saddlebag guide, which survived through multiple editions well into this century, was the most widely used Jargon reference work of its time. Other trustworthy sources include an 1863 Jargon-English dictionary written by George Gibbs for the Smithsonian Institute and a formal monograph by the great anthropologist Franz Boas. An appendix ofthe 1857 classic *The Northwest Coast,* by Washington Territory's ubiquitous, multilingual James Swan, also includes a reliable Jargon vocabulary.

Jargon spelling was largely up to the writer. In fact, a Jargon word may be written (and sometimes defined) five different ways in as many sources. Suggested pronuncia-

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tion varies as greatly, depending upon where and how well the writer learned his Jargon. Aside from a few trained linguists, such as Jacobs and Boas, the typical Jargon authority had no knowledge of standardized phonetic alphabets and wrote Jargon as if it were English. Given the fact that English words themselves are spelled haphazardly, this practice is an annoying barrier to understanding what Jargon really sounded like. Hence the great value of Jacobs' stories, which not only provide a reliable guide to pronunciation, but also a grammar and syntax model, as opposed to a list of unconnected words.

Several Jargon terms are still in service in the Northwest. Older Washingtonians still refer to Puget Sound as "the saltchuck", from the Jargon term for sea water. "Skookum," or strong, is sometimes heard in isolated areas along the coast, as in the complaint, "My old pickup just isn't skookum enough to make it up that hill. " About a dozen Washington ferries been honored with Jargon names, such as the *Kalèetan* (arrow), the *Illahee* (homeland), and the tiny *Hiyu* (great big). Further north, seasoned Alaskans call recent arrivals "cheechakos," from the Jargon for new and come. Natives are still occasionally referred to as "siwash" in southeast Alaska. This Jargon word was originally the French "sauvage," or savage, which may be why many Alaska Natives are no longer comfortable with it.

A few Jargon words have even made it into the national idiom. Hootch (bad liquor) is an abbreviation of "hootchanoo," and snoose (chewing tobacco) is a slurred version of "chinoos," tobacco. "Tolo," the girls-ask-boys high school dance, is Jargon for "to take control. " And office-seekers this year will no doubt promise their constituents "straight talk," a literal translation of "delate wawa," or truth.

In some ways, the passing of Jargon has cut modern Northwesterners off from their history. Many uniquely Northwest concepts must be spoken in Jargon. "Alki," for example, is Washington's state motto. Though often interpreted as "by and by," it is in fact an untranslatable term referring to the future in general. Jargon also offers an open window on the cultures that created it; cultures badly disrupted in the intervening years. Even the Jargon word for hello, which like "aloha" also means good-bye, bears witness to their insight. How much richer we might be if we still understood such subtle wisdom. Klahowya.

ECHOES OF JARGON ACROSS TODAY'S NORTHWEST

Peruse a map of the Northwest and you'll find dozens of rivers, mountains and towns whose names were once descriptive. Seeing these Jargon words on a milepost, territorial travelers learned something of what lay ahead. Western Washington, hub of the Jargon-speaking world, boasts the greatest concentration of Jargon place-names, but they can be found as far afield as Montana and Alaska.

Here's a Jargon sampler from around the region:

Tyee, Alaska. "Chief, head, most important." There is also a town by this name in British Columbia.

Kanaka, British Columbia. "A Hawaiian."

Malakwa, British Columbia. "Mosquitoes."

Kakwa River, Alberta. "Similar."

Kopachuck State Park, Washington. "Near water."

Tumwater, Washington. "Falls." Refers to the cascades above the mouth of the Deschutes, a major landmark in times past. Note that the phrase "Deschutes Falls, Tumwater" translates "Falls Falls, Falls."

Hyak, Washington. "Hurry up."

Klipsan Beach, Washington. "Deep sun," i.e. sunset.

Lolo Pass, in the Rocky Mountains between Idaho and Montana. "Carry" or "Load up."

Cocollala, Idaho. "Knock down berries."

Sitkum, Oregon. "Halfway."

Nesika Beach, Oregon. "Ours."

Cultus Lake, Oregon. "Worthless." British Columbia has a town by this name, as well.

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While Escaping Arrest

By Gary Hinkley

Western Publications

Mangas, son of Mangas Coloradas.

In stature he was as tall as Lincoln. In handling the complicated ambitions of the white men and his people, he was as skilled as a Churchill. He was the first great chief of the Mimbreno Apaches. This man would live into his seventies. His life was ended by soldiers' bullets. His epitaph might well have been, "...while escaping arrest," for this was the official explanation of his murder.

He was born during the twilight of the Indian way of life, in the early 1800s, before the mass white migration. When he was young he robbed white fur traders and one of the prizes of his thefts was a red flannel shirt. He wore it often, so often that his villagers called him "red sleeves" or Mangas Coloradas.

His tribe from time before memory claimed most of the sandy waste of the deserts of what is now New Mexico. To the south lived old enemies, the Mexicans.

The Apaches raided and killed as if the Great Spirit had granted them the right. The Mexicans feared and hated the Apaches. The ancient rivalries seemed destined to never stop.

The Apaches' motive was pragmatic as much as historical. The Mexicans possessed many valuable items not native to the desert. Rifles and mescal were among these, the latter, consumed with passion.

By 1837, the Mexican government had raised the ante: one hundred dollars for an Apache warrior scalp.

Word of this "reward" came to

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the ears of the "white eyes," or white men. Among them was James Johnson. Johnson shared his greediness with his friends. He and his partner, a man named Gleason, gathered a group of hunters from Missouri. This group moved south into New Mexico carrying letters of commendation from the Mexican government. In Santa Rosa Rita, mine owners agreed to pay a bonus along with Mexico's reward.

The miners invited the Apaches to a large feast near the mine at Santa Rosa Rita. Men, women, and children attended in huge crowds. Mescal was available in unlimited quantity. Roasted cows, hot sop sauce, and soccoro mush were free to all. The Indians gorged themselves on food and drank freely.

Unknown to the Apaches, Johnson and his men lay in wait behind a burlap screen tied between two trees nearby. Behind the screen also sat a six-pound cannon loaded with nails, chain links, and other shrapnel. The cannon pointed outward from behind the screen toward the swarm of Indians. Johnson was waiting for the moment when most of the Indians were too drunk to escape the deadly blast of the cannon.

Soon, the Indians became boisterous and drunk. The commandante of the presidio stood and invited all his "Indian friends" to help themselves to all the corn grist they wanted. This was a gift from the presidio. The corn piled high in front of the screen, was mere bait.

With the Indians rushing to grab the corn, Johnson seized the moment and fired through the burlap.

What followed was slaughter. Women and children fell screaming immediately in a wake of death. Soldiers from the presidio rushed in and helped with the final slaughter. Corpses piled up quickly. Estimates tell of four hundred Indians killed under the "Johnson Plan." Some Apaches escaped. Among the few who did was Mangas Coloradas. The Mimbreno chief, Juan Jose, died when he became too drunk to escape the killings.

Mangas was now chief of his people. He quickly appointed a general staff of chiefs. These men included Victorio, Chuchillo Negro, Ponce, El Chico, and Yellow Tail.

The enraged Indians planned revenge. Mangas first moved the survivors to a safer region, miles away at Warm Springs.

The Apaches struck out in all directions, attacking trappers and the crucial *conductos* (pack trains) that supplied Santa Rosa Rita. Shortly, Coloradas' tribe had rifles, powder and lead, cloth, horses, and mules from their raids. The Indians wiped out all but a few men in the caravans. The rest, faced torture in ways that made the Apaches infamous.

Meanwhile in Santa Rosa Rita, supplies failed to get through. For fifteen years the mining operations depended on the *conductos*. Now with supply lines cut, the villagers began to feel the effects.

Johnson and his gang knew something was wrong. He and his men took off west to the Chiricahua Mountains. His men rode directly into an Apache ambush. Almost all died instantly except for Johnson. It is not known what became of him.

No one in the village knew what happened. After several days, the mayor of Santa Rosa Rita sent troops out to find the missing supply trains. With all the soldiers leaving, the villagers felt nervous remaining behind. Consequently, all four hundred villagers packed up their belongings on wagons, burros, horses, and carts

The trek was long and tiring. Two days out, many household items fell along the wayside as too burdensome. Soon, dead mules and broken wagons became the wake of the villagers. Meanwhile, Apaches watched the slow progress of the group.

What became of the villagers is uncertain. Some stories tell of six survivors arriving in the next village. Tattered, disoriented, they told about death and many Indians.

Mangas Coloradas in the meantime, married a Mexican woman who bore him three daughters. Like kings of old, Coloradas strengthened his alliances with other Apache tribes by marrying his daughters to tribal leaders. One daughter married Cochise of the Chiricahua Apaches.

In 1846, General Stephen Kearney led United States troops into New Mexico and captured it without firing a shot. By now, Texas was a part of the United States and the Mexican-American War was in full swing.

Coloradas watched all of these changes with disinterest. He had no need to become involved in the White-Eyes' problems.

After the war, in 1851, a gold rush hit Pinos Altos. Coloradas' detachment was about to end. With the discovery of gold came gold miners by the hundreds. Mangas told the miners that he could lead them to more gold than they could put on their burros. The miners turned Mangas down. After several offers from Mangas to lead them to gold, the miners decided to take care of the pesky Indian once and for all.

One night, when the miners were drunk, Mangas approached them again. This time the men grabbed the chief and tied him spread-eagle against a tree. A burly miner found a bullwhip. The beating was brutal. Repeatedly the whip bit into Mangas' back cutting it into ribbons of blood. Mangas neither cried out nor flinched. Blood began to flow down his legs. Satisfied, the miners turned Mangas loose.

Coloradas would not forget this indignity any more than he could forget the scars on his back.

With the ever-growing movement of whites toward the West came widespread intolerance and the destruction of beliefs and the land.

By September 1861, Mangas Coloradas' tribe was at war with the Mexicans and Americans. He sent two hundred warriors against the mines at Pinos Altos. The Arizona guards recently garrisoned there turned back the attack. The Apaches next attacked an army train. After fourteen hours of fighting, the Apaches gave up.

Mangas then got word that his

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son-in-law, Cochise, was facing an attack in the mountains. Mangas rode to the aide of his friend. Off to the west, the two chiefs watched the dust clouds of the approaching troopers. These soldiers were marching to fight in the Civil War. They were the California Volunteers and Captain Thomas Roberts with the First California Infantry. They numbered three hundred in all with two howitzers. Not one was aware of Indians; they were proccupied with heat and thirst. As their mounts snorted and whinnied, no one was aware of the looming pass ahead, known as Apache Pass, for its reputation.

Almost through the pass, the piercing cry of Indians preceded the twang of bullets and arrows. After the initial surprise and shock wore off, Captain Roberts ordered retreat.

The men were becoming crazed by thirst and the desert heat. Roberts knew that the only water lay ahead, through the canyon. He ordered the howitzers into position at the opening of the canyon. The soldiers fought their way through the pass. Roughly 600 yards ahead lay the springs. Apache sharpshooters held two points flanking the water hole. The Indians knew the soldiers' thirst would distort their judgment.

The soldiers were not only crazed by thirst but were raw and untrained in the use of the howitzers as well. When Captain Roberts ordered the guns to the front, one overturned. Soldiers scrambled to right the cannon. The Apaches, never experiencing exploding shells before, broke and ran in panic. Roberts' troop captured the water hole.

That night around the campfire, Roberts assessed his situation. A small detachment was on its way back to General J.H. Carleton, commander of all the Californians. He was a day behind with the main supply train. Roberts wondered what dawn would bring.

Unknown to Roberts at that very moment, the detachment he ordered back was in a running fight with a band of fifty Apaches. The

Western Publications

Naiche, son of Cochise.

soldiers were taking heavy losses. With his horse wounded, one of the soldiers, Private Teal, fell behind. His horse finally keeled over, leaving the private to face the whooping Apaches alone and on foot.

At first Teal's breech-loading carbine kept the Indians at a distance. Eventually, they slowly circled the soldier. In the darkness, Teal noticed a giant of a man leading the attack. It was Mangas Coloradas. Teal got him in his sights and slowly squeezed the trigger. Mangas fell immediately. Quickly, the Apaches called off the attack, picked up the wounded chief, and rode off in the night.

The Apaches took Mangas across the border to Mexico. There the Indians seized the Presidio del Jonos. They threatened the town doctor that unless he cured Coloradas they would kill everyone in the town. Coloradas' strong physique helped him survive the chest wound.

At the time President Abraham Lincoln was preparing his Emancipation Proclamation, Mangas was seventy, still impressive and respected for allying the Apache tribes. The Civil War still raged against men and reason. For the war the Union needed gold. Consequently, the soldiers received instructions to protect all gold miners. In Arizona, Captain Joseph Walker assumed this task. He and Captain Shirland decided capturing Coloradas, would achieve this end.

One January day, in 1863, a Mexican rode into Mangas' village to tell the chief that the soldiers nearby wanted to meet him for peace talks. Coloradas and fifteen Mimbreno warriors set off toward the fort. On the way, the old chief sensed something was wrong. He sent his warriors back to the village. Why he sent his escorts back is uncertain. Instantly he found himself surrounded by armed soldiers.

Back at Walker's camp, Coloradas remained under close guard. Privates Collyer and Mead were assigned to watch the chief through the night. Another officer, Colonel J.B. West, gave the guards specific instructions. According to an eyewitness, a Clark B. Stocking from California, West said: "Men, that old murderer has got away from every soldier-command and has left a trail of blood five hundred miles long on the old stage line. I want him dead or alive, tomorrow morning; do you understand? I want him dead!"

One of the guards put his bayonet into the campfire until it glowed red-hot. Suddenly he plunged the bayonet into the chief's thigh. As Mangas jumped up, the soldiers shot him. As Mangas lay wounded, the soldiers closed in and emptied their revolvers into the chief.

The next morning, the camp's surgeon cut Mangas Coloradas' head off, dissected it, and weighed his brain. "It weighs more than Daniel Webster's brain!" he announced.

The official report Colonel West wrote said in part, "...prisoner died while resisting arrest."

Today, Mangas Coloradas' skull is at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, DC.

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BOOKMART

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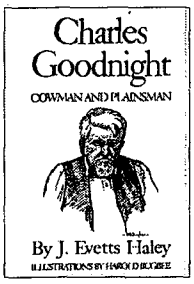

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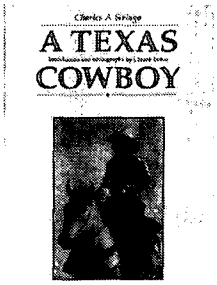

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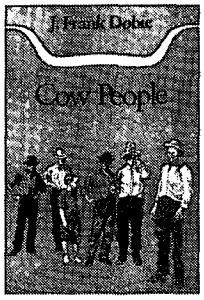

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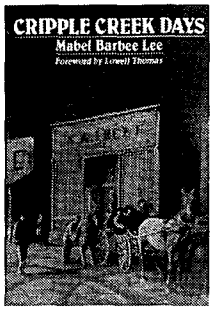

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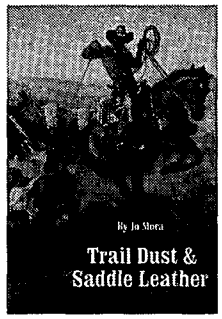

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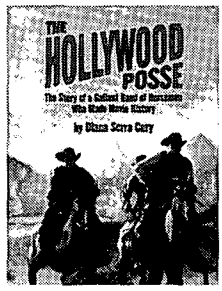

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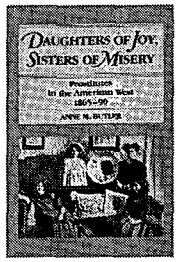

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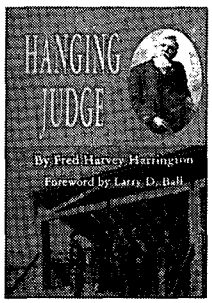

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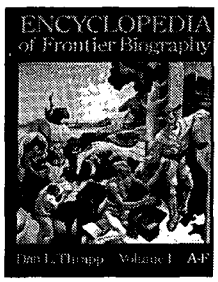

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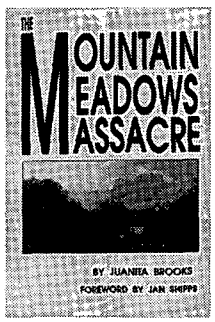

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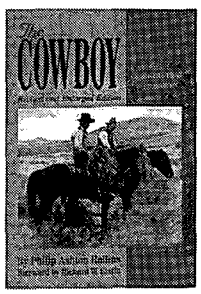

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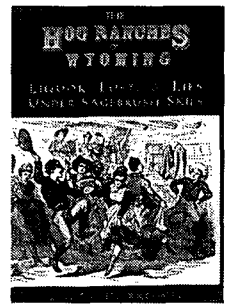

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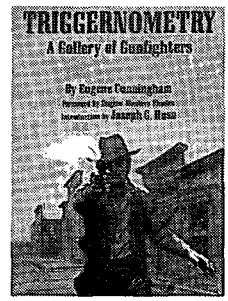

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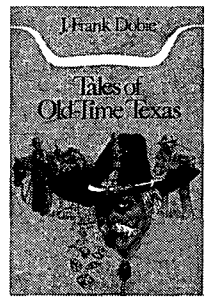

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Foul Deeds on The Frontier

Murder and Justice In Frontier New Mexico, 1821-1846, by Jill Mocho. (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico. 245pp. Notes, bibliography, index, map, photos, $19.95 paperback.)

In 1821, Mexico won its independence from Spain, and among other things took control of New Mexico. In 1846, Mexico lost New Mexico to an invading American army during the Mexican War. This twenty-five-year Mexican period then is the subject of this book.

The author discusses homicides that occurred during this quarter century, murders that went to trial and thus left behind, at least in part, a written, archival record. None of these slayings became sensations so far as Americans were concerned. All of them, however, influenced New Mexico, and to a minor extent shaped the territory and state we know today.

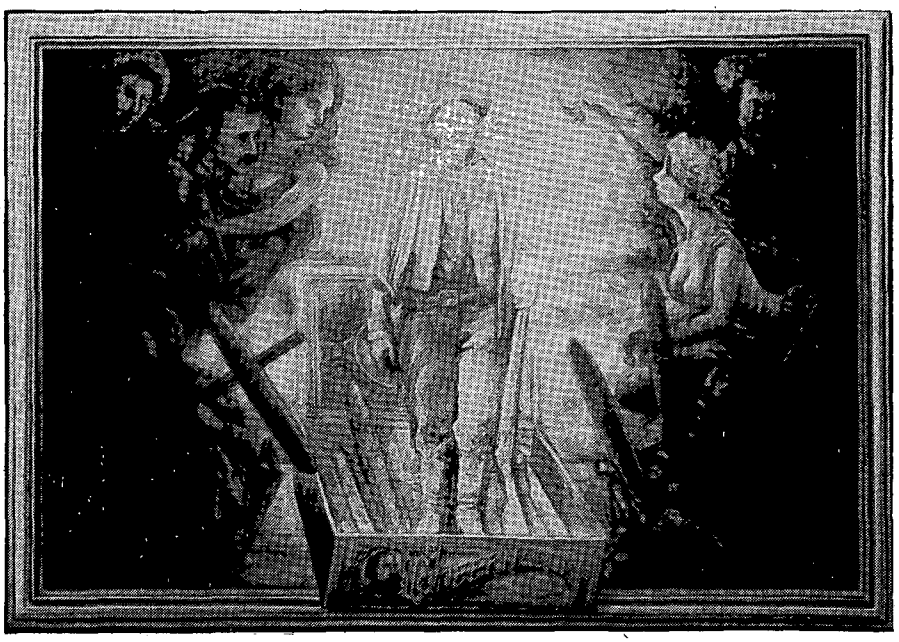
Mocho cites roughly thirteen murder cases, themselves typical of the times. All were solved, and confessions taken, although bodies occasionally turned up mis-sing... and stayed that way.

Several murders were matters of honor, such as the slaughtering of wives if they complained too much, or were suspected of immorality. Men were expected to keep their wives in line. Naturally many of these incidents took place during home dances where liquor flowed too freely.

The crimes themselves are not complex, and usually involved friends or family members, although as Americans flowed in greater numbers down the Santa Fe Trail and into New Mexico, they had their troubles too. Whereas about half of the book cites Mexicans killing Mexicans, the second half usually involves Mexicans killing Americans or other foreigners such as Frenchmen.

All of these cases dragged on for years, primarily because federal officials had to evaluate and approve every sentence. Sometimes the accused spent time in jail, but in all instances, and usually sooner than later, they were freed as the charges were either dropped or forgotten about. New Mexico could therefore order an execution—which in itself was rare—but the province, even if serious, had no way of implementing its own edict. No criminal ever paid the official supreme penalty.

Mucho's purpose here is not so much to demonstrate the ups and downs, the legalities, injustices, incompetence, and shortcomings of the Mexican legal system in a far flung province, although she does that brilliantly. What she sagely demonstrates by the airing of these court cases, is that through the lens of the Mexican legal system, a reader of this book can better understand how a rural, largely uneducated society functioned,



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thought, acted, and defended itself.

This is not an exciting read. However, it is one of the most interesting, enlightened accounts of Mexican New Mexico society that I have ever come across.—*Leon C. Metz, El Paso, Texas.*

Tour Guide/Book

Native Americans of the Southwest: The Serious Travelers Introduction to Peoples and Places, by Zdenek and Joy M. Salzmann. (Westview Press, Boulder, Colorado, $14.00 paperback.)

An innovative, useful, and informative book, *Native Americans of the Southwest* addresses two of the prominent phenomenon of the American Southwest: the regions rich and venerable Native American past and present, and its prominence as a magnet for tourists. Beginning in the late nineteenth century when railroads first traversed the area, tourists quickly discovered the stunning beauty of the area and its diverse and venerable Indian populations.

Preconceptions shaped what Americans saw or wanted to see in the Indians of the Southwest. In the Native peoples of the Southwest tourists thought they perceived a timelessness they believed had vanished in industrial, urban America. Often to their own discomfort, the Indians of the Southwest found themselves the objects of missinformed tourist attention, and often tourists left the region, their stereotypes and misconceptions intact.

The Salzmanns, in *Native Americans of the Southwest* address this gap between tourist stereotypes and genuine informantion. The Salzmanns provide succinct introductions to each of the Southwestern tribes. The authors include brief histories of each tribe, and they comment on the present status of the tribe. They briefly note such contemporary issues as the Navajo-Hopi land dispute.

With this book in hand, the serious tourist can have a rewarding journey through the Native American Southwest. For those who do their traveling in their minds from their homes, *Native Americans of the Southwest* remains a thorough and concise introduction to the region's native peoples.—*Joseph C. Porter, Raleigh, North Carolina.*

Diary of a Traveler

Gila Monsters and Red-Eyed Rattlesnakes: Don Maguire's Arizona Trading Expeditions, 1876-1879, edited by Gary Topping. (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah. 243 pp. Two maps, bibliography, and index. $34.95 hardback)

Not for lack of trying was I not enthralled with this book. Whether Maguire's fault, the constraints of first person objective, Trapping or this reader's own jaded literary appetites, it is difficult to say.

Topping, in his introduction, warns readers of Maguire's rather stiff Victorian narration. The Editor, I'm certain, applied considerable skill and effort attempting to relieve the reader of its tediousness without compromising accuracy nor content. However, I was no more than ten pages into the book before becoming ravenous for some dialogue, photos, editorial comment, or illustrations, anything to break the tedium of the travelogue.

The book does have its virtues and my criticisms certainly do not gainsay Mr. Maguire's extensive vocabulary and keenly observant eye, nor Topping's impeccable research, although, I now know why all of my college professors insisted on footnotes rather than endnotes. Maguire obviously was a highly intelligent, well educated and traveled "semi-professional" correspondent who thankfully lapses only sparingly into first-person singular. The bibliography is extensive for a book of this length and appears very complete. There is no lack of detail, to which, Topping infers, Mr. Magurie may have applied liberal literary

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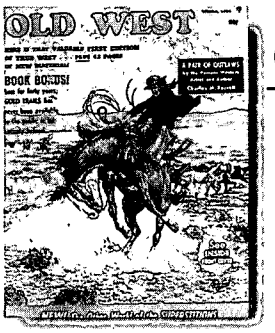

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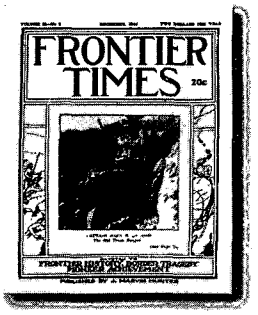

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license. Aside from the travelogish narrative, the book's fresh perspective on life in the desert Southwest in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century is usually interesting, sometimes captivating. Topping was attracted to Maguire's journals because they occupy a unique historical niche, that of the itinerant western peddler, a viewpoint different from the chronicles of agents of the large trading companies and expeditions. If the accounts are at all accurate, Maguire's own faults do not include lack of courage and intrepidity. He rather blithely strikes forth seeking adventure and fortune. Inclement weather, a hostile environment, outlaws, desperadoes, and unfriendly Indians were constants and made for much more interesting reading but ironically, which Maguire seemed to discount during the course of the journals—until the last few pages when he not only acknowledges them and his trepidation, but his near glee at surviving relatively unharmed.

The two maps are reproductions of Maguire's original hand drafted illustrations and are too small and illegible to be helpful. There are no photos or other illustrations, I gather because Topping wanted to present the journals in as true-to-the-time as possible.

I know, I know, Topping plainly states and explains the objective and scope of the book in his introduction, and it was limited, but throughout I wished he had taken some of the annotated material included in the endnotes and applied it to the narrative to liven things up a bit.

Gila Monsters and Red-Eyed Rattlesnakes will certainly be kept in my personal reference library in the hope that I will someday put it to good use in my own writing, for, I think, therein lies its true value. Otherwise, it will collect dust.—*Richard Davis, Olathe, Colorado*

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WILL JAMES' AUTOGRAPH

Barb Jerde, Virginia City, Montana, writes explaining she has recently acquired a copy of Will James' book *Smoky the Cowhorse*, a reprint by Grosset & Dunlap. Inside the book is James'signature.

"I'm wondering if this could be a true signature? How can I find out if it is real or not?" she asks.

First, only a person trained in hand writing analysis can determine if the signature is authentic or not.

Smoky was first published in 1926 and was one of Will James' most popular books. James, born Joseph Ernest Nephtali Dufault in the province of Quebec on June 6, 1892, lived the life of an American cowboy, thus most of what he wrote was based on his own experiences. A rustling conviction landed him in a Nevada prison in 1915. Rather than turn sullen he used the time to perfect his artwork. He was clever enough to convince the parole board that he could contribute to society through his art, which secured his release. He wrote and illustrated twenty-four books. The first, *Cowboys North and South*, published in 1924, set the stage for his successful career as a writer and an illustrator.

Due to increased interest in James' work, the Mountain Press Publishing Company of Missoula, Montana, is reprinting all of his titles with the original illustrations. Readers interested in Will James would do well to contact the Will James Society, P.O. Box 8207, Roswell, New Mexico 88202.

Al Jennings

Reader John Canaday writes, "I have had relatives that ran with a gang called the Jennings. Could you tell me anything about the gang, either in one of your publications or another source. My grandfather jumped the line into Canada after he was suspected. A week after he died the FBI showed up on his door with a warrant, but they were too late."

If indeed the gang was the Al and Frank Jennings gang of Indian

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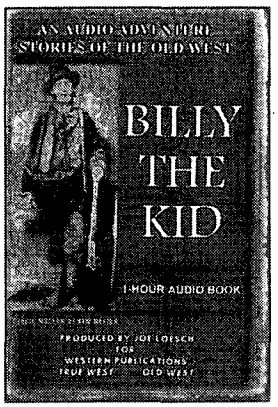

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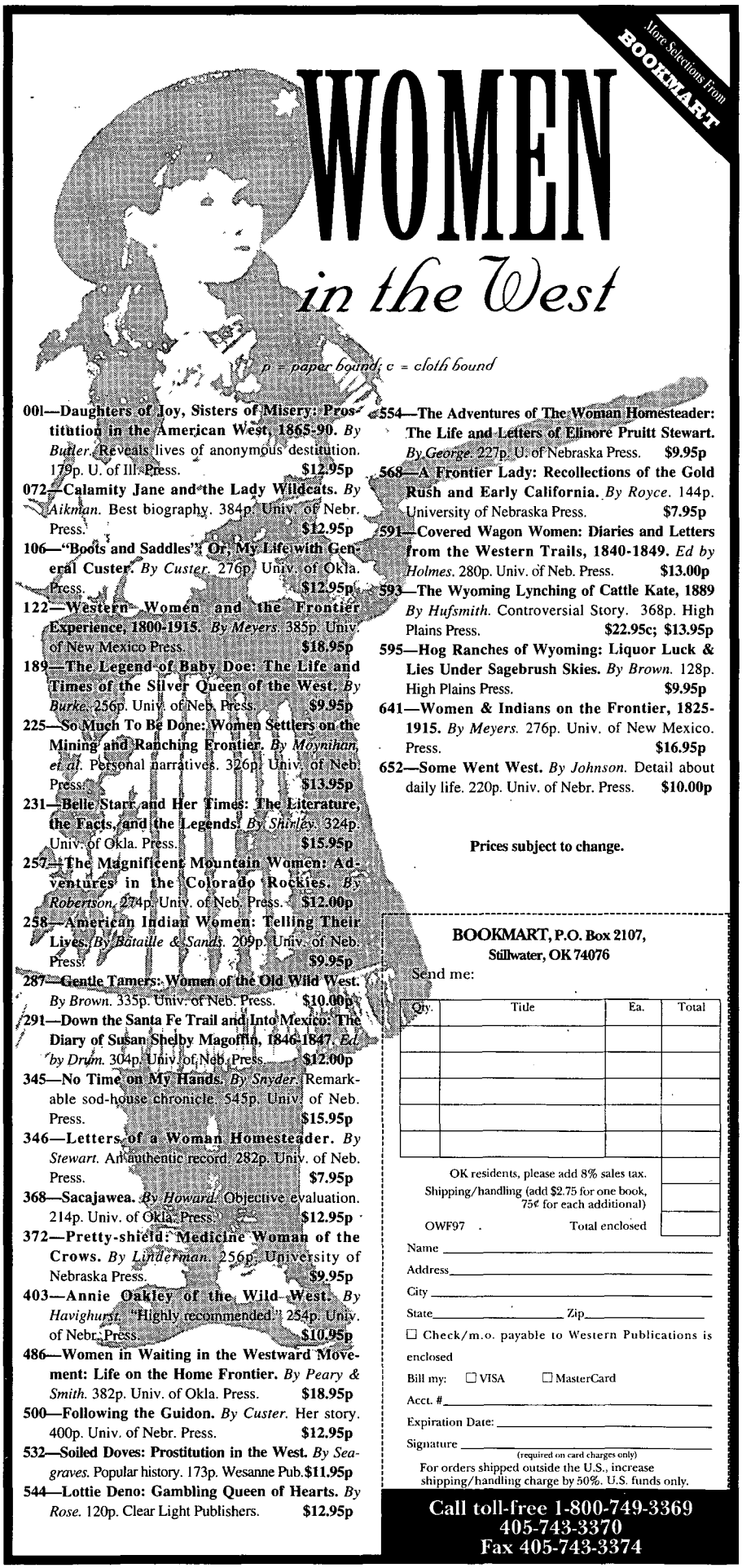

Territory, then your grandfather had quite a few years between their escapades and missing out on the visit from the FBI!

Although there may have been other outlaws with the name of Jennings, if you mean the most famous Jennings gang, then it was the bunch of losers who followed Al Jennings. In Western Publications there has been tattle about them; they were failures as outlaws and their actions were almost laughable, thus the subject of the Jennings gang has not attracted writers as has others.

There was, however, an article about Al Jennings in the May, 1978, *Frontier Times* by author Lee E. Echols. In my column in the October 1990 issue I provided a brief synopsis of their career. One may learn more about Al Jennings from his own perspective in the book *Beating Back,* a scarce book published by D. Appleton & Company in 1914, and written by Jennings and Will Irwin. This account originally appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* in seven installments accompanied by illustrations by Charles M. Russell. Jennings also wrote of his prison experiences, *Through the Shadows With O. Henry,* published in 1921. This book, by the H. K. Fly Company, is quite scarce.

The best account yet of the Jennings' career is Glenn Shirley's *West of Hell's Fringe—Crime, Criminals, and the Federal Peace Officer in Oklahoma Territory, 1889-1907,* published by the University of Oklahoma Press, 1978.

U.S. Grant

What about the proper name of a United States President? I learn much from our readers' letters. James E. Worrell, Jr., Sunnyside, Washington, wrote explaining that our eighteenth president was not born U.S. Grant, as I had assumed all along, but *Hiram Ulysses Grant.* All through his youth he was called Ulysses, or Lyss, and sometimes "Useless," until it was commonly believed his first name was Ulysses. When a congressman nominated Grant for an appointment to West

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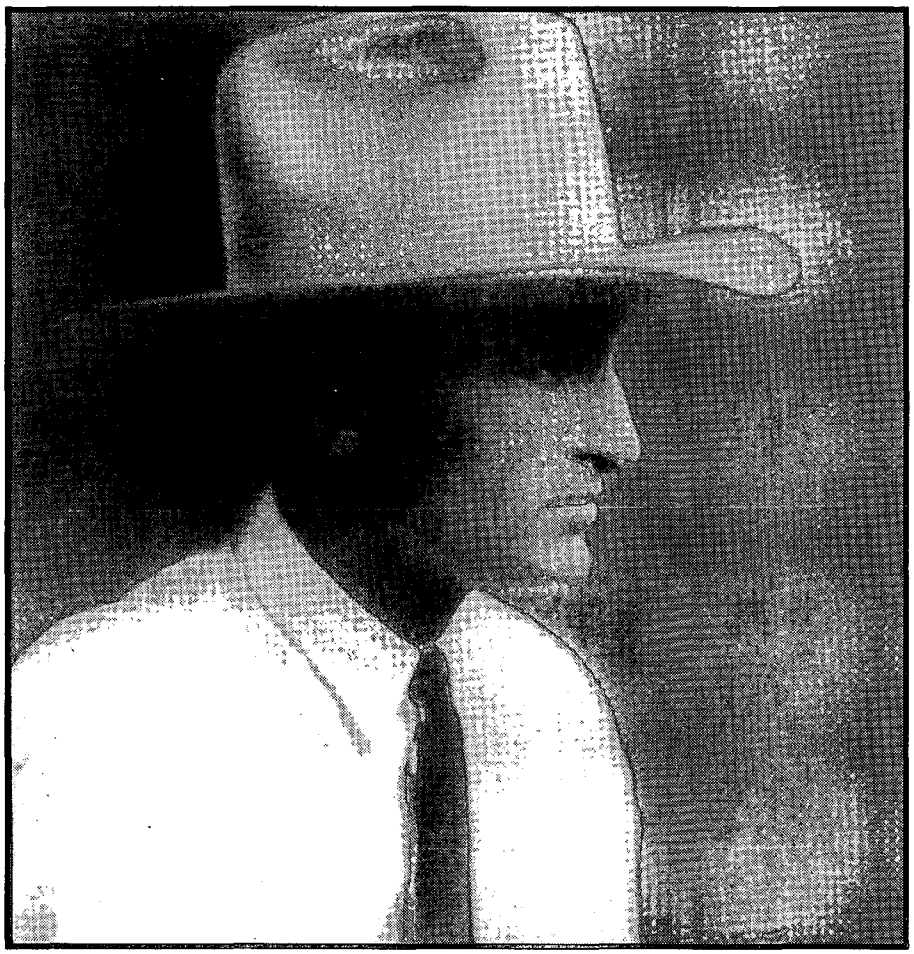

Author's Collection

Will James

Point he erred in the proper name and ignored the Hiram, and, not knowing his middle name, wrote in Simpson, Grant's mother's maiden name. Thus the young West Pointer became Ulysses Simpson Grant, and preferred the new name rather than going through the tedious paperwork of correcting a simple mistake. Through his early career, the Civil War, and even his presidency, he was known as U.S. Grant. Mr. Worrell asks if indeed it was legal for him to be nominated and assume the presidency even though he was not using his correct legal name?

Legal? Since no one challenged him at the time—and maybe no one even knew his true name was not Ulysses Simpson Grant—then I doubt if the question was raised. I would think that a lawyer might want to research the question, but the fact that he had used it all during his adult life and no one challenged him, especially after he was the winning general after the Civil War, the question was left unasked. His usage for that period of time probably made it "legal" as far as the average person was concerned, much like the concept of "common law marriage".

Checotah Gunfight

Edward Herring's article in the February 1997, issue, "Gunfight at Checotah" about the Baker-Gentry killings brought back a flood of memories to reader John L. Fletcher, now living in Spain. A special memory was that of a story his father, John David Fletcher, born 1903 in Deer's Chapel, Creek Nation of the Indian Territory, told him of his aunt, Addie Self (born Martha A. Goodman). She had either wounded or killed a man in Checotah about the same time as the Baker-Gentry shooting.

In those days Creek Nation

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women weren't jailed or hanged, their punishment was permanent banishment from the Nation. Banished, she fled to her native parish of Sabine in Louisiana. I have encouraged reader Fletcher to continue his research in hopes of providing us with an article about her. If readers can add to this tale I will gladly forward your letters to Mr. Fletcher.

Soldier Pay

A very difficult question for me, but possibly a no brainer for some of our readers, is one from Charles H. Needham of Batavia, Ohio. He wants to know if we have had articles about army life on the frontier, and specifically, do I know of the monthly pay scales of enlisted men and officers on the frontier from 1830 to 1890.

Mr. Needham furnishes us this interesting information: Sergeant Leodegar Shnyder, who is reputed to have served longer than any other enlisted man, served from 1837 to 1890. He is said to have served thirty-seven of his years at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. But another report is that a Wilhelm Heinrich Schulman, born in Germany in 1812, and who enlisted in 1827, retired from Fort Stanton, New Mexico, in November 1888, with over sixty-one years of active military service.

As for a soldier's pay, the amount varied through the decades and depended greatly on whether or not it was peace or war time. For example, during the Civil War a private was paid about $16.00 per month. Following the end of the war the pay was reduced to $13.00 per month. When one considers the harsh discipline, the frequently inedible rations, inferior weapons—often the weapons of the Indians were superior—it is not surprising that desertion was high. In 1871 the desertion rate was one in three.

With those conditions it is not surprising that the private's counterpart on the frontier, the cowboy, created a romantic mystique on the frontier. An average cowboy earned a dollar a day during the 1870s. Knowing this, it is surprising that a man would want to join the army.

Mountain Man Medina

Tim Dye, Stafford, Kansas, inquires about an obscure mountain man known as Mariano Medina. I really had to dig to find out about this character. Medina was born about 1810 at Taos, New Mexico Territory, and became a trapper and mountain man. For a while he lived with the Flathead tribe. A difficulty led to his killing an Indian and he left to relocate in the Fort Bridger area where he traded, scouted for the United States Army, and about 1848 established a trading post near what later became Loveland, Colorado. He died there on June 25, 1878.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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NEW MEXICO'S OLD ABANDONED HOMESITES

BY KEN WEINMAN

During the westward movement of the United States in the mid 1800s, thousands of people risked their lives and property traveling across America's overland routes. Many others came by steamship from eastern seaports to the West Coast, sailing around the horn or crossing the dangerous Isthmus of Panama, but most of them came westward by stagecoach, wagon train, or on horseback.

The Santa Fe Trail was one of the most important routes and ran from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, a distance of 780 miles. The trip was long and dangerous and took from six to eight weeks, crossing the dry, hot prairie. Hostile plains Indians often attacked the caravans, killing many people and running off their stock.

These early pioneers came from all walks of life. Their lot consisted of soldiers, traders, mountain men, desperados, miners, prospectors, and fortune seekers of every race. Santa Fe had a population of over 1,000 people by the year 1610, 166 years before the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia.

New Mexico was not a territory or state at the time but was known as the Viceroyalty of New Spain. New Mexico was first explored in the year 1540 when Coronado and his Conquistadors came north from old Mexico in search of the Seven Cities of Gold (Cibola). The first gold mines in the present United States were discovered in New Mexico and worked by the Spanish during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The lure of instant wealth and a new way of life brought the people westward. The West was a melting pot, and they came to seek gold,

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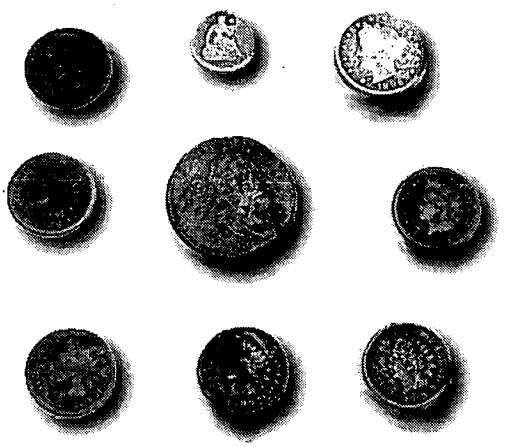
All photos from author's collection.

(Above) The author detects the driveway at the old Inn and General Store.



(Above) All of the coins found on the author's weekend hunt.

(Left) This female tonic bottle was found at the Bernardo site. It was made in St. Louis, Missouri, and was dated October 4, 1924.

new lands, and excitement. After the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad entered New Mexico from Saint Louis, Missouri, in 1880, hostilities against white men by renegade Indians gradually declined, and hordes of people safely crossed the overland trails to make their homes in the West.

People became swallowed up by the harsh environment. Men dropped from sight every day, and very few people took notice. Burials were common, and often just a wooden cross was placed over a pile of stones because there wasn't any means of identification of the deceased. Some were killed by robbers or hostile Indians, and others died of thirst or hunger. Many men left their homes and families in the morning and never returned.

The new settlers made their homes of wood, rock, and adobe bricks, the adobe homes being most numerous because of the abundance of materials. Most of the adobe homes were one story in height and had from one to three rooms. The walls were two or three feet thick and the foundations were of uncut stone set in mud mortar. The ceilings were made of peeled logs, and the roofs consisted of branches of straw covered with dirt.

The exterior of the adobe home was boxlike, and the rooms were square or rectangular. The ceilings were about ten feet high, giving the house a larger scale both inside and out. The rooms were sparsely furnished, and the same room often served as a dining, living, and sleeping room.

As one travels throughout New Mexico's rural areas, hundreds of these old abandoned structures can be seen scattered all over the countryside, rotting away from climatic effects. Many different people lived in them at different times and the yards and fields surrounding them are excellent sources for finding old coins, frontier relics, and cowboy paraphernalia. Most of them are easily accessible by automobile and are located along rural dirt roads; many others can be seen sitting just a few hundred yards off the inter-

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state highways that crisscross the state.

During the second week of November 1996, a friend and I decided to spend a few days searching around a few of these old dwellings. My companion on this trip was Carl Rison of Belen, New Mexico. We were amazed at the old coins, bottles, and artifacts we found at each old site we visited.

We left our homes in Albuquerque one morning just as the sun was a pale half-moon over the eastern horizon. We headed south on State Highway 85 and made our first stop at an old adobe home near Isleta, New Mexico. We spent about two hours there and found an 1896 V-nickel, an 1899 Indian penny, and an old rusty horseshoe.

After eating breakfast at a local restaurant in Los Lunas, New Mexico, we continued driving south on Route 85 until we spotted the ruins of an old adobe, sitting about one hundred yards off the road to the west. Spending another two hours at this location, we found a hand-forged axe head, an old medicine bottle under the rotten floorboards, a Seated Liberty half-dime, dated 1853, and some pieces of old broken bottles.

Los Lunas was only twenty-five miles south of Albuquerque, and since it was only about noon, we continued driving south on 85 until we came to Bernardo, New Mexico, a small farming community located on the west bank of the Rio Grande. Here we found an old inn and general store that had been deserted for many years. The ruins of it were located about fifty yards west of Highway 85.

We found a dump about fifty yards west of the building. Lots of broken glass lay on top of the ground. We took our shovels and started digging, unearthing a large quantity of broken glass and rusty tin cans. Most of the bottles were broken but a few were intact. We found three Ball canning jars, an old medicine bottle, and a bottle that was labeled, "Female Tonic." It was made in Saint Louis and was dated October 4, 1924.

After raking the dead leaves and junk lying around the front yard, we searched around the building and front driveway with our metal detectors. We found rusty nails, bottle caps, and many pieces of fragmented tin from the old roof. Sometime later, Carl found an 1888 Indian penny in the hard dirt along the pavement in front of the building. It was found at a depth of about four inches and was in good condition. The letters and features were readable, a nice find.

We still had about two hours of daylight left, so we packed up and continued south on Highway 85 until we passed under I-25 at the Bernardo exit. We drove west on a dirt road that headed for the Ladrone Mountains, about ten miles away. We had been there on a previous trip and had spotted an old abandoned homesite that we wanted to check out.

We reached the base of the mountains just as the sun dropped from sight in the western sky. Since it was late, we decided to spend the evening there, making our camp in a grove of pines. We built a fireplace from some loose rocks that we found lying around, and soon had some food cooking over a hot bed of coals. Then we gathered some dead wood and stacked it near the fire.

From our campsite, we could see the remains of the old abandoned homesite nearby and were anxious to check it out.

Firelight flickered on the under branches of the surrounding trees. The air was scented with pine and cedar and the fire crackled and sparkled as it burned the wood and needles. There was an autumn chill in the air and we huddled closer to the flames. Far off a coyote spoke to the moon; slow smoke lifted from the embers and our lids grew heavy. We rolled into our blankets and slept.

The next morning we went directly to the abandoned homesite and went right to work.

The floors had been made of hard-packed earth, and it once had a roof of wooden poles that had

In the October issue of *True West*:

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***True West* is unlocking the vault on some of the West's scariest, and funniest, tales!**

***The Flathead Lake Monster.* By Paul Fugleberg.** It all started in 1889 when a steamer captain saw what he thought was another boat headed in his direction. Some strange, and very large, critter has been surprising and startling Montana fishermen ever since.

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***Gold and Monsters.* By Vern Wimmer.** According to Oregon Indian legends, tall, hairy, and violent creatures roamed the upper reaches of the Sixes River. These tales, of course, were not enough warning to stop determined gold seekers.

***Winchester House.* By Mary McKernan.** The widow of William Winchester builds a rambling, maze-like home to keep the spirits of those killed by "the gun that won the West" at bay.

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Ghost stories by Sandy Barnard, Chuck Parsons, Dave Johnson, Harold Edwards, and Glenn Shirley.

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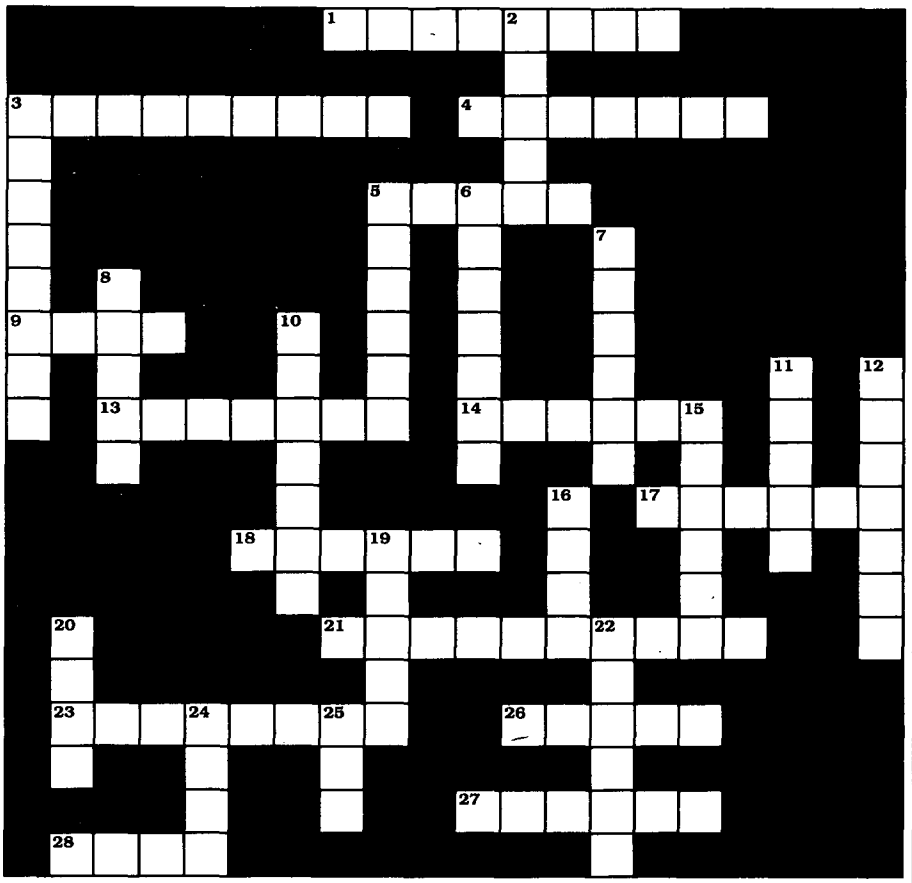
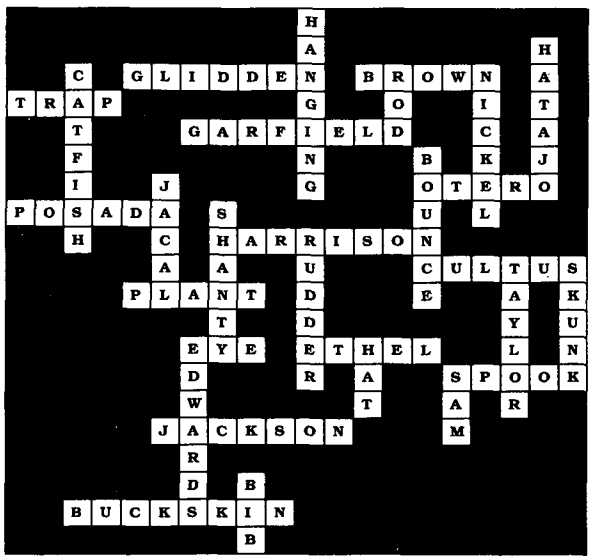


Across

1. Bill Longley's father
3. "McNelly's Bulldog"
4. "Big Nose" George
5. The Grey Fox
9. Shot the wrong Nickell
13. William Travis' son
14. "Prarie Dog Dave"
17. Worked for John Slaughter
18. "Cockeyed Frank"
21. "Russian Bill"
23. Brought down by Joe Townsend
26. Killed Jim Courtright
27. The Colorado Cannibal
28. John C. Higgins

Down

2. "Tulsa Jack"
3. George _____ Scarborough
5. Mangas Coloradas' son
6. "Bitter Creek"
7. Author of *Stirrup High*
8. Alias Harry Severns
10. Shared Chunk Colbert's last supper
11. The first train robbers
12. "Little Bill"
15. Discovered Yosemite
16. Killed Bill Tilghman
19. "Poker Alice"
20. Henry Andrew Thomas
22. First marshal of Newton, Kansas
24. Destry's drink of choice
25. Thomas McKinney



Solution in next month's True West.

Solution to last month's puzzle.

been covered with dirt and dried grass. In a heap lay the tumbled mass of melting adobe bricks that were once the foundation walls. Two corners of the walls remained upright and reached up to about six feet, slanting down to no more than two feet as they formed the outline of a large room. We spent the morning there and found an old iron skillet, four Indian pennies, and a large copper cent, dated 1798. The latter was badly worn but the features and date were still readable.

Judging from the looks of the dwelling, several families had lived in it at different times. People we could never know had lived there, each finding happiness in his or her own way. As I looked at the old cabin, I could imagine lights in the windows and smoke coming from the chimney. Now the elements had reduced it to just a pile of ruins. Many people came into this wild, untamed land from all parts of the country and to each one of them their home was at the end of a trail that started in a far off land. About one hundred yards behind the house I found a cairn of stones indicating a grave. There was no headstone or plaque with a name on it, so I took a photo of it and returned to the house.

About 3:30 PM we called it quits and headed back to Albuquerque. We had a great two-day adventure into the Old West and relished the fact that we had found some old coins, bottles, and artifacts that had once belonged to those early pioneers that crossed the overland trails during America's expansion westward.

Editor's Note: There are many existing traces of life in the American West, and they should be approached with care. When treasure hunting or exploring abandoned homesites or caves, please ask permission before entering any private land or fenced area.

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